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MAY 20, 1967

40 CENTS

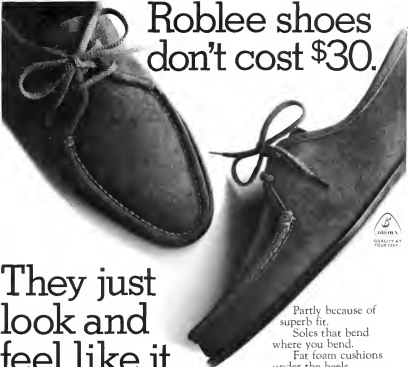
THE 500



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Next week

THE ROARING TIGERS, who have not won a pennant in 22 years, are hunting one again. William Leggett reports on Al Kaline, Detroit batting power and strong but erratic pitching.

TENNIS ELBOW is a painful and common ailment about which little is known. James Lipscomb, a sufferer, describes the symptoms and his dogged search to find a surefire cure.

AGAIN THE AUSSIES are having a try at winning the America's Cup. Colin Pinney takes a long look at the unconventional naval architect who just might help them turn the trick.



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Circulation:
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FOOTLOOSE

If you're sick of highways, try rafting down a river with the Hatch brothers

Back in 1924 a young man named Bus Hatch built a small wooden boat and began to explore the Yampa River, the Green River and the canyons of the Colorado River in a way never attempted before. Stories of his fabulous trips got around, and soon friends were begging to go along. As time went by Bus's four sons joined him in what had become both a hobby and a business. Two of the sons, Don and Ted—both schoolteachers in the winter, are still at it as headmen of an enterprise known as Hatch River Expeditions.

The Hatches are now able to send off as many as 15 separate river expeditions at one time. Their craft are pontoon rafts, some of them 16 feet to 27 feet in length. Hatch River Expeditions take from 100 to 1,000 trippers down the fast rivers of the West from late spring to fall. Regular runs are scheduled on the rivers of Idaho, Arizona, Colorado, Utah and British Columbia, with a few Mexican waterways thrown in for good luck.

One reason for the increasing popularity of river trips is that they are the pleasantest way, and in some cases the only way, to see the most dramatic wilderness areas of the West. It is impossible to forget the feel of absolute solitude one gets, or the smell of a pine-sage campfire on a beach once known only to prehistoric Indians.

Camping out on a hidden sand beach in a mile-deep chain of the Salmon River, one is completely isolated from civilization, sealed in by the rapids in a spot so untouched that it is hard to believe that anyone has set foot on it. So engrossing is the experience that the end of it comes as a distinct shock. It seems incredible that the outside world has continued on its way while one has been involved with river current and hidden rock, mountain sheep and soaring eagle.

The inflated, compartmented, unsinkable pontoons undulate through the rapids like giant black caterpillars. A passenger feels the exhilaration of danger, though personal hazard is not likely to exceed the possibility of a good drenching and a few cactus spines in the feet. When it is really perilous, as in high water at Warm Springs Rapids on the Yampa, the river guides discreetly suggest that their charges hike overland and photograph the rafts from overhanging rocks. They drop logs in the water first, to study their action, then they put in the boats. The boats bounce skyward as one watches, heart in mouth. A long view of a just-vacated raft executing a crazy dipsy doodle through roaring water, twisting end to end until it crashes on a rock, is a heady experience.

When Bus Hatch shoved his little wooden

boat into the current more than 40 years ago his idea was solely survival. He gave no thought to creature comforts. His sons' rafts allow room for 35 pounds of gear per rider and permit surprising luxuries to turn up like magic out of insulated containers. In 100° heat deep in the canyons of the Colorado, Don produces ice cubes. At the rare approach roads, rafts pull in to shore to meet supply trucks bearing such improbable treats as fresh fruits, New York-cut steaks and chilled drinks. Guides cook superbly over open fires. Everything but personal gear is provided—sleeping bag and air mattress, trout rod and reel, binoculars, camera and so on—secured in splashproof duffel bag and plastic sack. It soon becomes perfectly logical to conduct all of living out under the open desert sky. Frequent stops permit fishing, exploring, climbing, swimming and floating on air mattresses in quiet goose-neck stretches.

Costs are surprisingly moderate, running about \$30 per day, children under 12 years of age at half price. The weekly special, through Dinosaur National Monument, down Canyon of Lodore of the Green or the cleft of the Yampa and Green rivers, leaves Vernal, Utah every Thursday morning—a four-day trip, complete, at a bargain \$78 per person. Transportation is provided from meeting place to put-in point on the river. Cars are stored, or driven to the end of the line for a fee. Planes are met, and charters can be arranged for scenic fly-outs. Life jackets go along for everybody aboard and are required through rapids.

The Hatches think of everything and meet all problems of safety and comfort. They have acquired a reputation for never goofing, even in the smallest detail. But they are human, after all. Once they met a charter party of VIPs at the put-in point for a run through Cataract Canyon on the Green River. While the guides loaded the pontoons, a member of the party who had made previous trips with the Hatches began to extol their expert river work over the roar of the river. The neophytes listened, fascinated and reassured, and finally set up a bravo for such excellence.

That night, at first camp-out, Ted was appalled to discover that it finally had happened—somebody had forgotten to pack the tableware. There was no way of returning, nothing to be done but to while crude forks and spoons out of bits of driftwood picked up along the riverbank.

"That was one of the best trips we ever made," remembers Ted.

It might be just as well not to mention it, however, when you call him at 801-789-3813 for further information. Better yet, write Hatch River Expeditions, 481 East Second North, Vernal, Utah 84478. A note will bring you a bundle of mouth-watering brochures in the mail.

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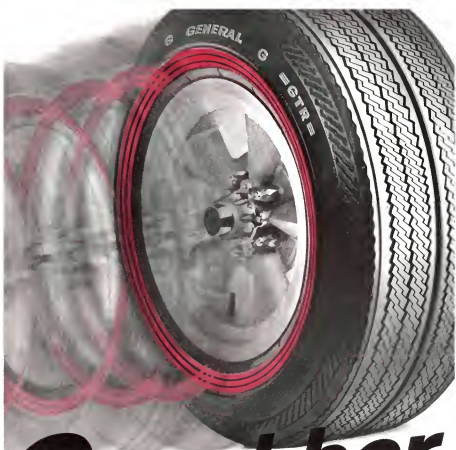
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SCORECARD

AFTER THE BELL

Last week at Madison Square Garden Dick Tiger retained his light-heavyweight title by defeating José Torres in a fight that was as good as it was close. It should have been a proud moment in boxing, which needs all of those it can get. But it was fouled up. A bottle was thrown from the balcony and shattered in the ring. More bottles, beer cans, parts of seats followed. At least 11 spectators were treated for lacerations.

Two of New York's three newspapers called it a riot, which sells papers. If only one bottle, instead of two dozen, had been thrown it would have been an intolerable violation of public safety, but that doesn't make it a riot. However, more preposterous things were written. The *New York Post* said in an editorial that the "riot" was "incited by the bestial and bloody spectacle that boxing is. Fight crowds are notoriously ugly in temper because fights are ugly. . . . The way to prevent riots is to ban boxing. . . ."

As a matter of fact, the fight was nearly bloodless, fight crowds are traditionally among the most mannerly in sport—you can more readily find ugliness at high school basketball games—and by the *Post*'s beautiful logic, you have to conclude that, say, the way to prevent crime in the subways is to shut them down.

The assumption is that some Puerto Ricans threw the bottles because they didn't like the decision. This would make more sense if the bottles had come right after the decision was announced, which they didn't. In fact, a photographer stationed in the balcony says the first bottles were thrown at Torres. If so, there goes the modish theory of the man from the *Times* that what happened was an act of social protest by the have-nots against the haves. There is more reason to believe the bottles were thrown for no reason, but out of wantonness, something which nowadays is not endemic to New York or to boxing shows. In this case, the way you stop it is by impressing upon these people that you don't throw

bottles and get away with it—which is well beyond the incompetent Garden specials. Of course, nobody was arrested.

As Harry Markson, the Garden's director of boxing, said, rather ruefully, "Obviously times have changed, and so have people, their temperament and attitudes. The methods used successfully in the past are no longer effective. Perhaps it's time to explore new techniques and safeguards." As we have previously stated (SJ, Feb. 6), if the Garden specials can't handle a few drunks and bad actors—and this was the third such incident in the past two years—city cops who can should be brought in. Present regulations ostensibly prohibit their use; if this is the case, the laws should be re-examined. Boxing has too many virtues to have its fate decided by boozy-up characters, editorial writers and over-weight specials.

FINISH LINE

There is no official world record for the women's mile run, because until recent years nice women didn't run the mile. Men thought it didn't suit them. We don't have to tell you that these days women are paying less and less attention to what men think is good for them. For example, just last week Miss Anne Smith, a 25-year-old London schoolteacher, ran the mile in 4:39.2, for an unofficial world's record. She was greeted at the finish by Margaret Barker, one of her eighth-grade pupils. "Miss Smith," Margaret said, "why did you give me only 'good' in conduct this week?" Well, in a sense, it served Miss Smith right.

BUT NOT REDFELLOWS

The closest thing yet to open tennis will take place in Cincinnati July 3-9, when the city's first professional tournament is held at the same time as, and on adjoining courts with, the venerable Tri-State, the oldest continuous tournament on the circuit. Now in its 63th year, the Tri-State has been won by Francis X. Shields, Bobby Riggs and Tony Trabert,

but, because its dates usually conflict with Wimbledon, the old Tri-State ain't what it used to be. Before the jet age, it could still get name players, but now just about all the names take off for London. Indeed, if it weren't for the pros, the Tri-State might have gone out of business this year.

The tournament sponsors point out that the new format should not be considered an "initial salvo" for open tennis. On the other hand, they also point out that the combined tournaments "can be easily made into an open tennis tournament should open tennis become a reality." In the meantime, the amateurs and professionals will be housed separately. And equally, we trust.

BEAR UP

We know you know all about sending flowers by wire, but would you believe sending a bear by cable?

Last week the sheriff's office in a suburb of Albuquerque got reports that "a guy in a brown jacket" was trying to break into parked cars. Before the deputies got around to checking it out, Roger Thompson, a junior high school science teacher, had mounted a horse and lassoed the malefactor, who turned out to be this young bear.

The bear spent 36 hours in the Albuquerque zoo before state game officials dreamed up a good release site in the nearby Sandia Mountains. To save



everyone a long, rugged truck trip, Robert J. Nordhaus of the Sandia Peak ski area offered the use of his 2.7-mile aerial tramway. The bear's cage was slung under a tramcar full of newsmen and carried halfway up the mountainside to a

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

wild canyon. The cage was then lowered some 30 feet to the ground, opened, and the bear lit out. "I've never seen a bear go so fast," says our Albuquerque correspondent, who was along for the ride. "I don't know what he was thinking, but it might have been, 'Albuquerque's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.'"

BOUNCY NUMBER

Music, Carlyle said, is the speech of angels. If such be the case, the angels spoke volumes in Middletown, Ohio earlier this month, when Ed Kovach sat down at the piano. What they said is something else. Kovach's selection was *Left Hand and Basketball*, "an original modern contemporary musical work," by William E. Svarda, musical director of Middletown's Fenwick High School. Mind you, *Left Hand and Basketball* isn't any ordinary original modern contemporary musical work. It opens with Kovach, who is 6' 5" and played center on the Fenwick High basketball team, walking onstage dribbling a basketball with his right hand. Then he goes over to the piano, bows, takes his seat and starts to play with his left hand, never once interrupting the dribble. The idea is that the bouncing basketball sets the beat, while Kovach rather frantically plays both the bass notes and the melody. "He's got a tremendous reach," says Svarda.

Kovach performed the piece twice. The first night he blew the palmers of the ball, which is supposed to be the surprise ending, but few noticed it because the audience didn't know what was coming. The second night Kovach did a perfect palm. "The composition was well received," says Svarda. "It sounded even better when it was replayed on the radio. I was a little afraid the bounce wouldn't be heard."

THE HIGH COST OF HAPPINESS

Owning a Thoroughbred racehorse is keen. NFL franchises are rather amusing, too. But for a real neat plaything you can't beat a race car. It isn't the dough. It's just that with a horse or a team you can't stand around in ratty old coveralls with grease on your nose, drinking beer from paper cups, swearing with the boys and even magooxing a camshaft or two. And who can kick the tires on something like Damascus or Fran Tarkenton?

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Consider Indy. Gasoline Alley is full of rich guys having the tax-write-off time of their lives. One of them, in a rare burst of candor after his car qualified well up the line last week, told how it works. Remember you read it here.

"It takes a conservative \$140,400 to put a car in the race," said Owner X.

"It goes like this. You buy a chassis for \$20,000 minimum. That's one. But you need a backup chassis in case your driver breaks the first. Further, it takes \$6,000 in special parts and \$2,000 in labor to ready each one.

"Engines cost \$22,500 each for Fords and about \$18,000 for Offenhausers. You need a minimum of two. Most owners have several. Costs you roughly \$4,000 each time you overhaul one and replace all moving parts. You do this several times before race day. You pay two full-time mechanics \$1,200 each for May. You room and board them and you got another \$3,000 tied up in miscellaneous stuff."

Such basics as tires, sparkplugs, brakes, fuel cells, shock absorbers and batteries come free from suppliers. But, said Owner X, you also have to hire a driver. Costs a \$6,000 retainer, more for the best. And you've got to shell out \$2,000 to enter the race.

"Suppose you win," said X. "First place last year got \$156,297. You have to split it. Winning mechanic always gets 10%. Winning driver at least 40%, the top ones half. That leaves the owner with half, which doesn't cover his costs. What you get is a nice silver trophy, a nice worn-out racer and a nice tax loss, which you can spread around your other corporations."

NO FISH STORY

The fishing records on the Thurso River in Scotland go back 100 years and are undoubtedly the most detailed of any in Great Britain. Every bear fished is listed day by day, and the information includes the weather, water level and temperature, length, weight and number of salmon caught and the names of the fortunate fishermen. Notably excepted are the names of the successful flies. As Robin Sinclair, the laird of Thurso Castle, explains: "It's the angler who gets caught by the fly, not the fish."

This is by way of introducing the week's cautionary tale. Three years ago an ad appearing in the *Lubbock (Texas) Avalanche-Journal* and 23 other papers

extolled "a remarkable European talking fish lure," which "at this very moment is being used by over 380,000 amateur and professional fishermen in 25 different countries." The lure, the ad went on to relate, has a "built-in fish attracting transmitter that broadcasts a steady stream of irresistible underwater messages that talk, coax and command a fish into snapping at your hook. Yes, actually excite and stimulate five different fish senses all at the same time and force each and every 'hungry-crazed' fish from up to 2,000 feet away to come darting straight for your line."

Predictably, fishermen fell for the lure—which came in three sizes—hook, line and sinker. Alas, for their \$1.98, \$2.49 or \$2.98 they got either nothing at all or a worthless gadget that might have been talking Greek, for all the fish that got the underwater message.

Two weeks ago a federal grand jury indicted the lure's promoter, Monroe Caine of Scarsdale, N.Y., on 60 counts of mail fraud. But the anglers who took his bait aren't the only ones he bamboozled. Caine was previously indicted in Detroit on mail-fraud charges in connection with peddling a "turbojet" thingamajig guaranteed to save motorists 50 gallons of gas a month.

WHOO NOW, PAY LATER

How are you going to beat an institution with a name like American Fletcher National Bank? This summer the bank, which is known throughout Indiana as Mother Fletcher National, will permit some 50,000 of its customers to use their bank credit cards to buy tickets to automobile races. If this catches on, where's it all going to end? At the \$100 window, when some horseplayer steps up, says, "No. 2 five times," and plunks down the old credit card?

THEY SAID IT

• Bernard Segger, who participated in the second successful ascent of Mount McKinley during winter weather conditions: "The view from the top is not worth the climb."

• Major Pete Dawkins, 1958 Heisman Trophy winner, now teaching social science at West Point: "Sports are square. They're hard work. Most kids like to be aloof, hippy, cynical. One of the marvelous inconsistencies in the youth of the 20th century is that college kids just like to play games."

END

Blazers are the new casuals that make it exciting to do nothing at all. Styled wild and turned on with color. From subtlest tones to craziest pastels. Lazy looking but built to take it... like all Bostonian fine-crafted shoes. Blazers are cushion soft and so flexible they're better than barefoot. So smart they'll go anywhere in style. So when you take to the hills, or the beach, or the big game, take your walk on the wild side. In new **Bostonian Blazers**.

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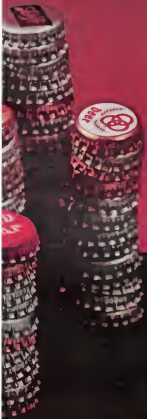
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TOMMIE IN A BREEZE

San Jose State's easygoing Tommie Smith (opposite) cracked the classic mold and won his heralded duel with teammate Lee Evans. He broke two world records and gave promise of more to come

by GARY RONBERG

PHOTOGRAPH BY SNEYDY & LONG



Coming off first turn into the backstretch, Evans, who started three yards ahead of Smith in an outside lane, has increased lead by three yards.



Heading into homestretch, relaxed Smith is now ahead of the straggling Evans on way to breaking strings at 400-meter and 440-yard marks.

Until last week track coaches pretty much agreed there was a classic way to equal or break the world 440-yard-dash record. Somebody terribly fast, like Adolph Plummer or Otis Davis or Mike Larrabee, would blast out of the starting blocks and into the turn. He would continue to accelerate until he hit the backstretch, where, lengthening his stride and coasting just a bit, he would concentrate on rhythm and form and, most important, would conserve precious strength for the last 100 yards. At the far turn he would open up again and drive to the finish, where he would break the string with one final desperate lunge, utterly spent, his legs like rubber and his lungs fighting for air.

Runners who followed this script had come to dread that last 100 yards because of the physical beating they took, and coaches had grown used to running out on the track to catch their collapsing athletes before they crashed to the cinders. Then, Saturday afternoon in San Jose, Calif., along came Tommie Smith (St. May 22), the very picture of tranquility as he breezed through two strings, one set at 400 meters, the other at 440 yards, and all theories about the classic quarter mile suddenly had to be revised.

Smith not only seemed to be picking up speed as he finished, but in the process he was setting two world marks—44.5 in the 400 and 44.8 in the 440. He beat his teammate and close friend, Lee Evans, who himself missed Plummer's world 440 record by only .4 of a second, by five yards that were rapidly approaching six. Shortly afterward he assured everyone that his own new records would not last for long.

"I still had something left," Smith said. "My start was bad and I didn't have a good first half. The next time I'll run a faster 220 in the beginning and my time might be better."

Smith at the moment holds world records in the 220-yard dash over the straightaway (19.5) and the curve (20.0), so there is reason to believe that he can do better than 21.7 over the first half the next time he goes after the quarter mile. Certainly his coach, Bud Winter, can see nothing to hold him back. "All

continued



I can say is that he's even more amazing than I thought, if that's possible," said Winter, shaking his head. "I wouldn't be surprised if he runs a 42-plus or 43 whenever he sets his mind to it. In fact, I'll be most surprised if he doesn't."

But Winter, who is losing Smith, a senior at San Jose State (he will have Evans back next year), was quick to emphasize the effect Evans' presence had in the assault on the record. Evans led throughout the first 300 yards, and even when Smith drew abreast of him in the far turn he was confident of winning. "I thought to myself, here comes Tommie," Evans said, "but it really didn't get to me. I was strong and I wasn't tired. Then he passed me and I just couldn't keep up."

"I always run a whole lot better when I'm behind," said Smith. "But today I ran a whole lot better because Lee was the man in front of me. I know him so well, you see—his personality, his determination—that I knew the only way I could win would be with something extra."

"Lee would have won against anybody else," said Winter. "It's just that he ran against somebody who may be superhuman."

Ever since Evans transferred to San Jose hoping to shoot for relay marks as Smith's running partner, it had seemed clear that the two would have to race against each other someday, somewhere at 440 yards. Three times they had met—but at 220. Smith won a close first match, Evans the second in a near dead

heat but Smith won the third in 20.8 to Evans' 20.9. Three weeks ago Winter called each separately into his office and told them that he was pitting them off at the quarter in the team's final home meet of the season.

"We kept them apart as long as possible," Winter said. "But with Tommie approaching his last race on the San Jose track, it seemed logical they should meet. They both agreed and appeared more than anxious to go through with it."

Evans relished the chance. Determined to prove he was superior to Smith at 440 yards, he grew visibly more nervous as the days passed. On Friday he said he was as ready as he could be. "I haven't lost a 440 since I was a junior in high school," he said, "and I'll never forget it. I'm always sick after a quarter, but I threw up that time because I had lost. Tomorrow you'll see pain written across the faces of Tommie and me, but mine will be a lot worse. The race will be decided in the last 110 yards, and those are what I've prepared for. I know it is going to hurt bad, but when it finally comes I have to block it out of my mind. I have to forget that pain completely."

Smith, playing it cool (he wasn't), talked instead of how it was just another race for him. "My specialty," he said, "is the 220. If we were running a 220 I would be much more nervous than I am now, but what burns me up is all the trumped-up animosity they're trying to say exists between Lee and myself. Everybody seems to forget that we're good

friends, that I take him home after practice most every night and that I watch TV at his house with him and his family. You don't do things like that with somebody you dislike. They've blown this duel all out of proportion. Lee and I both agree on that."

The two also shared a contempt for Plummer's existing 440 record (44.9). "The record should go, regardless of who wins," said Smith. "It should have gone last year." "The time," said Evans, "just doesn't seem worthy of a world record."

Smith, following a regular routine, turned in a spectacular 33.5 for 350 yards on Wednesday, followed that with a 35.7, then took Thursday and Friday off. Evans, working hard on speed and endurance, took only Friday off. Smith drove Evans home Friday in his yellow 1966 Chevrolet and later returned to the track and parked his car along the seven-foot-high fence topped by barbed wire. For a long moment he gazed through the fence, until Meet Director Tracy Walters, who was putting the final touches on the track, called to him to come in. Not even stopping to see if the gate was unlocked, Smith climbed the fence, pecked his way over the barbed wire and jumped inside, while Walters shuddered at the thought of what might have happened.

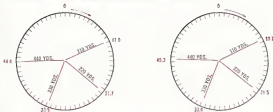
"It's funny," said Smith, "but that's kind of typical. I'm just having difficulty concentrating on anything but the race. Nothing after it means anything. I completely forgot an ROTC class on Thursday, and I've never done that before. I'll just be glad when it's over."

The day of the race was bright and sunny. The wind hardly rustled a leaf, "Somebody is for us," said Winter, moments before the race began. "Never in 20 years at San Jose have I seen the wind so still at this time of the day. It's two miles an hour down the backstretch. No need to pull up the windbreaker along the fence."

The crowd of more than 4,000—largest ever to watch a meet at San Jose State—had come to see the record broken, and it warmly applauded the runners as they were introduced. They included Bob Talmadge and Ken Shackelford, also of San Jose State, who last week teamed with Smith and Evans to break the world record in the 880 relay and the American record in the mile relay, and Dale Martin.

Smith showed none of the nervousness

HOW SMITH AND EVANS COMPARED



Smith, whose race is clocked at left, got away slower than Evans, running his first 110 in 11.7 seconds to Evans' 11.8 (right). But Smith covered each of the succeeding 110-yard sections in a faster time, recording 10.7 to Evans' 10.8 at 220, 11.3 to 11.8 at 330, and 11.5 to 11.5 at the end.

of the previous day, waving at the crowd at his introduction and even calling to a friend in the stands. Evans, on the other hand, was deep in concentration. He did not smile or look about. His hands on his hips, he stared at the ground until the starter ordered the runners to their marks. As Smith crouched in the third lane, with Evans in the fourth and Shackelford and Talmadge on the inside, the crowd grew silent. The occasional snap of a camera shutter seemed almost as startling as the gun report that was to follow.

At the start Evans burst into the lead and maintained a solid three- to four-yard margin over Smith down the backstretch. Smith disposed of Shackelford coming out of the first turn, but after 110 yards trailed Evans by a full 3 of a second. He narrowed it to .2 at 220 yards and seized command as both runners sped out of the last turn. His eyes shut tightly behind his sunglasses, Smith was in complete control to the end, while Evans, the pain as evident as he had promised, obviously was struggling. Shackelford's time was 47.4, Talmadge's 48.6 and Martin's 50.2.

"It was a great race," Winter said, "not because it set a record, but because two men with opposite approaches were shooting for a common goal. Lee is an 880-type runner who can drive over a distance. Tommie is a 220 man. He runs as fast as he can for as long as he can."

With the two new marks Smith boosted his number of world records owned or shared to eight. When it was over, he said, "If I had run a 44.8 and Lee had run a 44.7 and won, I still would have been happy. I was running against the clock. Lee, I'm sure, is disappointed only because of his time and, personally, I think he deserves part of the record, because without him I could not have set it."

"I must say in all honesty that I had no idea who was going to win," he added. "I wasn't certain at all of coming out ahead. But I don't think this is the ultimate for either of us. For me, personally, the star I've been reaching for is the Olympics—and that seems a little closer now. As far as the goals, though, I hope I never run out of them."

Soon the only goals to surpass may be Tommie Smith's own records. **END**

Still not leading, Evans and Smith wrap arms around each other as they walk away from the field





Damascus was a jumpy colt the day he lost the Kentucky Derby, but he was mild as a little lamb before the Preakness. Credit his patient trainer—and a gray feed pony who almost lost his head **by WHITNEY TOWER**

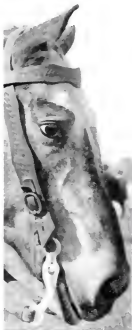
WITH AN ASSIST FROM PAL DUFFY

It was 75° when they dished out the Maryland crab cakes at Pimlico on the 92nd Preakness Day last week. The tension index, however, rose well above that, as the 10 horses were being saddled for the mile-and-three-sixteenths classic worth \$194,000—the richest purse ever for any of the Triple Crown races. It was not only because five of the 10 (including one entry) were actually going off at odds of 9 to 2 or less. There

was a certain nostalgia connected with the whole show on the dazzlingly clear afternoon, and many of the 38,371 spectators seemed to sense it and to appreciate being part of it.

"I want to see the horse win, of course," said one veteran Maryland observer. "But it's the sight of those wonderful, familiar colors that does something to me." The colors were the white with red dots of Belair Stud, once worn

by jockeys astride the horses of the William Woodward family. The magnificent Belair estate with its 2,500 acres and mansion built in 1746—long since sold for development—was the Woodward home, only 20 miles from Pimlico. Belair also had been the home of many great horses. From the mansion had come the orders of William Woodward Sr. to run Gallant Fox and Omaha in the Preakness on the way to their Triple



In the saddling area before the race, a calm Damascus nuzzles his friend Duffy and relaxes.

mence in Maryland in such style that even the day's losers had to admire it. With Bill Shoemaker wrapped in the colors made famous by Earl Sande and Eddie Arcaro, Damascus won the Preakness, coming from next-to-last place to win comfortably by two and a quarter lengths over In Reality, who was another four lengths to the good of Kentucky Derby winner Proud Clarion. Damascus, who had finished third to Proud Clarion and Barbs Delight at Churchill Downs, ticked off the distance in 1:55½, making this the second fastest Preakness, only three-fifths of a second off Nashua's 12-year-old record. It was the fourth time the red and white had made it to the Preakness winner's circle, and it was certainly one of the most satisfying classic victories ever.

Long before Damascus and Shoemaker came pounding down Pimlico's hard stretch, however, there was a good deal of speculation about this Preakness—particularly about how its various contestants would elect to run. Much of the guesswork was carried on by newsmen, horsemen and racing officials, not by the Preakness trainers themselves. Winning Derby Trainer Loyd (Boo) Gentry, for example, was sitting in bed in New York's Doctors Hospital, being treated for hepatitis between phone calls to his assistant, Jim Mahoney, at Pimlico. Eddie Neloy decided (wisely, it turned out) that his presence in Baltimore would do little to increase the chances of Wheatley Stable's Great Power.

And then, of course, there was Frank Whiteley, the trainer of Damascus, who seems to treat every racing crowd as if it had the bubonic plague. Whiteley kept Damascus at Laurel, never worked him at Pimlico and did not bring him to the scene of combat until 9 o'clock on race-day morning. But when Damascus and Whiteley did appear—they were, typically, the last of the 10 starters to arrive in the attractive infield saddling ring—something new had been added. "You know how this colt was rank and nervous in Louisville," Whiteley explained, "I don't know what caused it, but today I decided that I'd bring along a lead pony for the first time in Damascus' career. I thought it might help him." Apparently it did, for in the crowded

ring Damascus stood quietly, nuzzling a gray pony as though he had found his only friend in the world. He did not break out, he neither flinched nor kicked, and he looked superb. Most important, this striking son of Sword Dancer looked ready to run the race of his life.

In this country trainers customarily send horses to the post with lead ponies. Whiteley had even shattered tradition in Paris two years ago when he requested permission to send Tom Rolfe onto the Longchamp turf with a pony. But he had insisted, up to the Preakness, that Damascus needed no special companion to quiet him. Frank acquired the gray pony two months ago when a Laurel-based horseman was leaving for Kentucky and found he had no room to take along his 8-year-old gray hack, named Duffy. Whiteley bought Duffy and rides him daily with each set of his horses in training. Damascus and Duffy took to each other immediately, and each seems to understand what is expected of him. Last week, however, Duffy was momentarily carried away by it all. On the way to the post of Pimlico it was Duffy who tried to run away. Damascus saved his running for later.

During Preakness week many other trainers felt their horses were just as ready as Damascus, despite certain questions that bobbed up at press conferences and found their way into print. Sunshine Calvert made no secret of the fact that he was miffed—and rightly so—because Pimlico had canceled a prep race eight days before the Preakness. He felt that it was asking a lot of his Florida Derby winner, In Reality, to take on this field after a seven-week absence from competition. "But racing is just a big guessing game, I suppose," he said 48 hours before the race. "I put a work into my colt, and I hope it will be enough for him. I think my horse is just fine. That is, I thought so until I read in the papers that his ankles were mushy and that he won't be in the money. His ankles look fine to me, and he is going to run a good race. That I know for sure."

Proud Clarion's condition was somewhat questionable. In the days immediately preceding the Preakness he appeared to have lost a little flesh, but, of course, Boo Gentry couldn't see this all the way from Doctors Hospital and his assistant was under orders to do the training as instructed—and no talking. When Owners Mr. and Mrs. John W.

continued

Crown victories. Twelve years ago Belair, then in the hands of handsome and popular Bill Woodward Jr., sent Nashua to the Preakness to make amends for his defeat by Swaps in the Kentucky Derby. Swaps was not in the field for that 1955 Preakness, but Nashua set a track record of 1:54½, beating Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Saratoga by one length. It was a happy day for Belair, and the Woodwards, and few believed that it would be 12 years before the scene would be duplicated. But then came the tragic incident that cost Bill Woodward his life; dispersal of the racing stable and the Belair property quickly followed.

The red-and-white silks reappeared a few years ago, in the name of Bill's sister, Mrs. Thomas Bancroft, and last Saturday they thundered back into prom-

Galbreath showed up for the Preakness lurch they were nervous, but still optimistic. Galbreath, as always, was also realistic. "The way I see it," he said, "is that there's a lot of early speed in the race, which is good. If Great Power, Barbs Delight and In Reality go out there and burn themselves out instead of stealing the race, it should mean that the winner will be the come-from-behind horse with the best finishing kick. That should be Proud Clarion or Damascus. Believe me, I'm like a lot of other people. I'm still not entirely convinced that Proud Clarion is the best horse."

This same spirit swept the crowd at Pimlico. Proud Clarion shared third in the betting with In Reality, behind Damascus and Barbs Delight. As the gate flew open, Great Power and Celtic Air (an entry with Damascus) went to

the front. Bill Hartack was moving up with Barbs Delight to run right behind them, while In Reality was fifth, Damascus eighth and Proud Clarion last into the clubhouse turn. "That didn't bother me at all," said Shoemaker later. "He came right back to me after the break, and I knew immediately he was more relaxed and not in the least rank."

Bobby Usery on Proud Clarion was equally undisturbed. "I was only two lengths back of Shoe," he said, "and figured that he had the horse to beat. We may have been farther back than we would have liked, but the chief opposition was right there, too, so I didn't do too much worrying."

On the way up the backstretch Celtic Air opened up two lengths on Great Power, but the horse that looked very good at this point was Barbs Delight, as

third place and running easily for Hartack. "He really wanted to run, too," said Hartack later to Trainer Hal Steele, "and he kept wanting to run right up until Damascus got to him at the quarter pole. Then he spit out the bit, and that was the race." This confirmed the experts' belief that Barbs Delight could hardly have run a better race than he did in the Derby and that, Hartack or no Hartack, he wasn't going to improve on that performance two weeks later.

Shoemaker made his move with Damascus at the half-mile pole, and by the time he was at the head of the stretch he had the race won. "At the three-eighths pole I knew I had those in front of me beat," he said, "and all I had to worry about was Proud Clarion, who was still behind me." Shoe took Damascus wide, outside of four horses, turning for home.



Bellevue's dotted stile (second from left) come charging around horses in the turn for home as Proud Clarion tries to keep up on the far outside.

Ussery followed him, going wider still to the middle of the track. On this day —by contrast with what happened at Churchill Downs—it didn't help him much. Earle Fires had In Reality on the move, too, and down the stretch it was this team, not Ussery and Proud Clarion, that posed the only possible threat to the winner. But Damascus had smothered his field with one brilliant burst. Shoe got into him with the stick through the stretch, but it would have taken another Belair horse like Nashua to make it any kind of contest. Behind third-place Proud Clarion came ever-in-the-money Reason to Hail and then Misty Cloud, Barbs Delight, Ask The Fare, Celtic Air, Favorable Turn and Great Power.

There could hardly be an excuse for anyone. Even Sunshine Calvert was not really crying. "If we'd been able to run

in the race they called off on us we might have been closer," he said. Then he added with characteristic sportsmanship, "But who is to say we would have won this even if we had had three or four races to get ready for Damascus? The winner is a good horse." Jockey Ussery told John Galbreath that he had no alibi, either, but that he had not believed he or Damascus would be as far back as they were for the early running. "When we moved for home I was just plain outrun, that's all," he said.

At the winner's champagne party even Frank Whiteley accepted a glass or two. Mrs. William Woodward Sr., who hadn't seen the Belair red and white win a Preakness since Omaha 32 years ago, politely declined and asked for a Scotch. Her victorious daughter, Edith Bancroft, was confined by illness to her Long Is-

land home, but as Mrs. Woodward sipped her drink with her son-in-law, Tom Bancroft, and another son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Pratt, and assorted friends, she appropriately toasted the event. "It is a great day for me," she said. "I salute Shoemaker for a fine ride, but I can't tell you how much credit I give to this wonderful trainer, Mr. Whiteley."

Frank Whiteley had loosened his tie, and when the second glass of champagne was poured he gulped it in a hurry, made his apologies and went back to his horse at the barn. He broke out into his first big smile of the day. "Just like it was with Tom Rolfe," he said. "This is what we should have done in the Kentucky Derby." Most of the people who were at Pimlico last Saturday would agree with him.

END



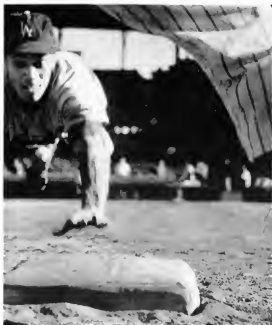
Mrs. William Woodward and Tom Bancroft (left) accept trophy from Governor Spiro Agnew and congratulations from Pimlico's Herman Cohen.

**THEY MAY
HAVE BEEN
A HEADACHE
BUT
THEY NEVER WERE A BORE**

Maury Willis and Leo Durocher were the two most volatile personalities ever to ruffle the placid surface of baseball in Los Angeles. They popped off, got into hassles, stirred things up. Eventually, says the Dodger general manager, Willis stirred up too much

by **BUZZIE BAVASI** with **JACK OLSEN**





Under the heading of that business about "you might have been a headache, but you never were a bore" comes Maury Wills. Maury, once the proud captain of the Dodgers, has gone to Pittsburgh for Gene Michael and Bob Bailey, but he is not forgotten, not by a long shot. In addition to being a great little ballplayer, in addition to drawing thousands of people into the ball park with his daring base running, Maury was also memorable for the problems that always seemed to swirl around him. Eventually one of those mix-ups was his undoing with the Dodgers.

Maurice Morning Wills. What memories the name brings up! If ever there was a candidate for the title Most Likely to Spend a Lifetime in the Minors, it was Maurice Morning Wills. Just take a look at the raw material. He was only about 5'9" and drenched to the skin he weighed maybe 150 pounds, and the only things in the world he could really do well were run and throw. He was an average hitter, utterly lacking in power, and at shortstop he didn't cover any more ground than the next guy, although he did have a very strong arm. So add it all up and it looks like a mediocre career in the Pacific Coast League, doesn't

continued

it? And yet Maury Wills, with all his physical deficiencies, made it big with the Dodgers. He couldn't hit, but he could get on base. He wasn't the fastest man on the team, but he could steal bases better than anybody else in the history of baseball. He didn't cover much ground, but when he pegged that ball people two blocks away could hear it whack into the first baseman's glove. I guess when you add it up you'd have to say that Maury Wills is much more than the sum of his parts.

But talk about almost losing superstars to other ball clubs! There wasn't a day up to Maury's first full year with the Dodgers when anybody in baseball couldn't have had him at a discount. If somebody had come up to me and offered me \$11 and a package of potato chips for Maury's contract, he'd have had a deal. The very year we brought him up we had tried to unload him on Detroit, but they took a look in spring training and sent him back. Before that we had tried to palm Maury off on the Seattle club in the Pacific Coast League, but he was stamped "rejected" and returned from there, too. So you can imagine how I felt when I began getting these phone calls during early 1959 from Spencer Harris, then the general manager at Spokane, and Bobby Bragan, then the manager. Bobby would call six times a day and tell me over again how Wills had learned to switch-hit and how he was a great team leader, off and on the field, and how I was absolutely nuts if I didn't bring him up right away. Spence was almost violent about it, "I have never seen a ballplayer mean more to a club!" Spence roared at me over the telephone one day. "He's the glue, he holds it all together! And a boy who can do that in the minor leagues, with the types of guys we get here, why, imagine what he can do for you!"

Finally it occurred to me that there must be some fire under all this smoke. There weren't two men in baseball who had better eyes for talent than Bobby Bragan and Spencer Harris, and both of them were practically on their hands and knees to get me to accept a spray-hitting undersized infielder with a long record of nothingness. I figured that they were losing their marbles, or I was, and I gave them Bob Lillis in exchange for Wills so that we could find out. Well, the newspapers gave me their own an-

swers pretty quick. One headline read: DODGER BIG DEAL SEEMS RIDICULOUS. The story said, "Maury Wills for Bobby Lillis! That's the big deal the Dodger brass pulled off in an effort to keep the club in the first division. Who are they kidding? Maury Wills has been bumping around in the minors since 1951. Last year with the PCL team he hit only .253 and couldn't stick with Detroit this spring. The player he couldn't beat out was Rocky Bridges, himself cast off by the Dodgers after performing infrequently in a utility capacity. Wills may not even break into the starting lineup for a spell."

Stories like that were cheap and easy to write, especially since Maury got off to a very slow start for somebody who was going to make over the record books. He got one hit in his first 12 times at bat with the Dodgers, and Walter Alston finally benched him. Pee Wee Reese came over to me and, in a very uncharacteristic remark, he said, "Buzze, you've made your first big mistake. You should not have brought that kid up. He'll never make it."

Maury got back into the lineup, but he was no ball of fire. After a month had gone by, another writer took a shot: "In 123 at-bats, Wills has hit in just one run. The Dodgers need punch more than any other single thing. You don't spell punch w-i-l-l-s."

But by now Pee Wee Reese had seen the same mystery ingredients in the boy that had made Spence and Bobby so enthusiastic. With Maury still not certain of a job and with me still not sold on him, Pee Wee took me aside at the Polo Grounds and said, "Buzze, I take back everything I said. It may take awhile, but this boy has it. I've never been so wrong in my life. This kid's got it all the way!"

Well, you can read the rest of the story in the record books, in our attendance figures during Maury's stay in Los Angeles and in our standing in the league from 1959 through last year. By the time of our final blowup with Maury, he was up to \$85,000 a year and worth every dime. If we had been able to handle him personally, he might still be our short-stop today, but Maury was a hard man to control and not for the usual reasons. I mean, he wasn't a boozier or a barroom brawler or anything like that. It's hard to explain it; I guess the closest you

could come is to say that Maury was the eye of the hurricane. He could do the blandest things and all hell would break loose. Maybe you remember last year when we were playing a tight game with the Giants and Maury turned around to hold up two fingers to Tommy Davis in left field and the result was a fist fight in the dugout. Figure that one out! Nobody did anything wrong, Maury was right in giving the two-out signal. How many times have you seen the pitcher walk off the mound when he gets the second out? The greatest players in baseball sometimes forget an out, and Maury just wanted to make sure that in this crucial game nobody made any mistakes. He was captain of the ball club and, believe me, he took the job seriously, and he took advantage of every little safety margin that he could find, like the two-out signal.

On the other hand, you have to look at it from Tommy's point of view, too. He's standing out there in left field, all alone in front of 50,000 people, and he's already in a lousy mood because he's having a bad year, hitting .300 but not getting the RBIs, and now he gets his chance in a big game and all of a sudden this little shrimp in the infield holds up two fingers to tell the world that the jerk in left field can't be trusted to keep track of the outs. So Tommy gets mad, and when Maury says to him in the dugout, "How come you didn't acknowledge my signal out there?" Tommy goes for him. I tell you, you've got to like both their attitudes. I don't think Maury was out of line one bit, but on the other hand I've got to like the idea of Tommy resenting the fact that anybody has to tell him anything. That shows a good aggressive attitude.

But maybe when you get right down to it, the trouble with Maury was that he took everything *too* conscientiously; maybe he put out a little *too* much. You can see how he could get that way. I mean, look at his history. He's headed for a mediocre career as a minor league ballplayer, and Bobby Bragan gets hold of him and tells him that if he learns how to switch-hit he'll have a better chance to make good. So while everybody else is out for a short beer, Maury is in the batting cage learning. Then he gets his chance in the major leagues and finds out he can steal bases on these big-shot pitchers, provided he spends a whole lot

of time studying their motions. While the other players are out at the movies Maury is keeping a notebook and studying opposing pitchers the way scientists study bacteria, and pretty soon he's mastered another subject. Everything that Maury Wills ever got, he got by working his tail off.

The real trouble came when we made him captain of the ball club and he approached his new job the same way he had approached his other challenges in baseball. He jumped into the job of captain with both feet, and he set up an atmosphere of tension that soured a lot of the boys on him.

Walter Alton came to me in the 1965 season and we got to talking about how Maury was tough to handle, and we conceived the idea of making Maury captain as a way of smoothing things over. I remember exactly what I said to Walter. I said, "I know Maury's tough to handle. You two don't think the same way. He's a complex person, full of ideas of his own, and you're not going to change him. He'll go along with what you tell him, but he'll do it begrudgingly. And if you criticize him at all, you're wrong because he's got to be right. And then he'll sulk and pretend he's hurt and take himself out of the lineup. Now, maybe all that will change if you make him captain. But don't give him any authority or you'll have worse trouble!"

Walter and I both figured that Maury would be captain the way Pee Wee Reese had been captain. Pee Wee was captain of the Dodgers for 100 years, and all he ever did was carry the lineup to the plate before the game. It was like an honorary degree. But Maury refused to accept the job for what it was. He felt that the captain should take charge of the team as soon as the first ball was pitched, and we had a hell of a time convincing him otherwise. Once I told him that he was getting a big head, and what do you think he did? He showed up lame for a few days and said he couldn't play. Lord knows he wasn't a bad person, but surely he must have been one of the most sensitive players that ever stepped on a baseball field. He'd take himself out of that lineup at the drop of a criticism. Maury worked to make himself perfect and to make the whole ball club perfect, and if you suggested that he had any

flaws whatsoever, he would go into a sulk. But it was hard to stay mad at him, because you knew that at the bottom of it all Maury simply wanted to be the best player on the best ball club in baseball, and when that's the motivation, what's to get mad about?

Maury hadn't been captain long when he came to Walter and announced that he had worked up a system of fines for missed signals, failure to hustle, careless plays, etc. He suggested that Walter appoint a players' committee, composed of Koufax, Drysdale, Wills and anybody else Walter cared to name, to meet after ball games and levy penalties. Well, Walter Alton is the most understanding of men, and he knew that Maury was only trying to do a conscientious job as captain so, against his better judgment, Walter consented to the plan. Two days later Willie Davis misjudged a fly ball, got disgusted with himself and failed to hustle after the ball. The committee met and levied a fine of \$100.

Walter said he would go for \$50 but not for \$100. Maury said that Walter had agreed to the idea of the committee, hadn't he? And Walter said that he had not agreed to give up his authority over the ball club. Walter said that he would be glad to accept recommendations from Maury's committee, but he would reserve the right to decide on the final action in each case.

Maury went off on one of his patented brooding sessions. He told Walter he didn't want to be captain of the Dodgers anymore. He told me the same thing, and I said, "O.K., Maury, put it in writing if that's the way you feel." The next day Walter found a note on his desk saying that Maury was quitting as captain and also wouldn't be able to play that day because his leg was hurting. Walter said nothing, and the next day Maury came into the clubhouse and said that his leg was still too bad for him to play. Right on the spot, Walter called a team meeting, abolished the players' committee by executive decree and told Maury he could keep on sulking as long as he wanted but there was nothing wrong with his leg that hadn't been wrong with it before. The next day Maury suited up and told Walter he wanted his job of captain back. A lesser man might have told him off. Walter said simply, "As far as I am concerned, you never lost it."

But letting Maury stay on as captain didn't solve another problem, which was that a lot of our ballplayers just plain didn't hit it off with him. Maybe he was a little too intense for their taste, I don't know. Nobody talked out loud about it, but there was an atmosphere of tension around him. I guess Willie Davis was the only one who ever put it into words, and that was long after Maury had gone. This year at Vero Beach, Willie was all upset about some personal problems, and when a reporter came up and asked him if the ball club was missing Captain Wills, Willie let fly. "Losing Maury is no big loss," Willie said. "It might even help us. He wasn't a bad guy, but a lot of guys on the team didn't like him, and I was one of them. I think he got a little too big for his pants. He was always trying to exert more power than he should have. I might be saying these things because I don't like him, but I imagine a lot of the other fellows felt the same way. It's just that nobody else has said it. He knows I didn't like him. I told him so. I'm not knocking him as a ballplayer. You've got to give the guy credit. He made himself a major-leaguer, but as a person I couldn't see him."

I was aware that Maury rubbed his teammates the wrong way, and I discussed this more than once with Walter Alton and Walter O'Malley. Finally we began to think in terms of a trade. Nothing definite, mind you, but the idea was up in the air. And then we sort of pushed the thought out of our minds when Sandy Koufax came to me before the World Series and told me he might be quitting. We figured we could stand to lose our most valuable pitcher and we could stand to lose our team captain, but losing them both in one year would be too hard on everybody, including the fans. Then Maury stepped in and forced the issue, and I don't know to this day what got into him.

You'll remember that the Dodgers went barnstorming to Japan after the 1966 season, even though a lot of them didn't particularly want to go. We let Koufax, Drysdale and Wes Parker stay home, and we persuaded the others to make the trip by letting them take their wives to Hawaii for a four-day vacation at the outset and by guaranteeing them \$4,000 each for the six-week tour of Japan. I didn't go myself, because in the first place who needs an out-of-shape

continued

general manager on a barnstorming trip and, second, my wife Evit and I hadn't had a vacation in 20 years and I had promised her a cruise to the Hawaiian Islands and back.

Evit and I were a day away from sailing when we learned that Maury had gone AWOL in Japan. He was last seen muttering something about his leg and saying that he had to get to a doctor. Well, I wasn't going to let this interrupt my vacation, so Evit and I sailed from Los Angeles. Five days later we get to Honolulu and who is there, playing guitar in a little combo with his old friend Don Ho, but Maury Wilks. To tell you the truth, I avoided him. I didn't want to have my vacation interrupted by some silly scene with Maury, and anyway I figured he was seeing a doctor and taking care of his leg. But pretty soon I found out that Maury hadn't seen a doctor in Hawaii and, as far as I know, he didn't see a doctor until a week after he came back to the mainland.

Now, how can all this possibly look to the Dodger ball club? Doesn't it have to look like Maury is challenging us? All he had to do was fly home, see Doc Kerlan, our team physician, and everything's fine. Nobody is going to raise hell with a ballplayer who turns up lame and goes to a doctor to be treated, even if the player does leave the ball club a little abruptly. But Maury goes out of his way to take his own sweet time about it, stops off to play guitar in a nightclub and finally wanders into the doctor's office two weeks after he jumps ship.

I don't mind telling you that Walter O'Malley was highly annoyed, and I don't mind telling you I was, too. "Buzze," Walter said on the transpacific phone, "it looks to me as though the boy's asking for it, and I think we'll have to give it to him." We talked it over again before the winter meetings in Columbus, Ohio, and we decided that, as much as we would like to have Maury stay with the Dodgers, the breach was too wide to be healed. So we made the best deal we could make. Pittsburgh knew about his bad leg, but they took him "as is." It was all out in the open.

I've seen Maury a few times since we traded him, and he has no animosity at all. Why should he? We paid him the highest salary of any shortstop in history, and how could he be mad at any-

body in Los Angeles for that? I hope Maury has a great year with the Pirates—against everybody but the Dodgers.

And then there's Leo Durocher. Newspapermen have gone to great lengths to say there's a feud between me and Leo, and although I don't ordinarily get all hot and bothered about feud stories—they're good box office—I have to take exception to this one. I consider Leo a friend, and if he hasn't taken some of the newspaper stuff too seriously I'm sure he thinks the same of me.

To tell you the truth, Leo isn't that much older than I am, but he was sort of a childhood hero to me, first as a player and then as manager of the Dodgers and then as manager of the Giants. By the time I took over the big club Leo was out of the picture, but I didn't need anybody to draw me pictures to show what the name Leo Durocher meant. So I was amazed one day, after Leo had left the Giants, to pick up a Los Angeles newspaper and read that Leo had missed out on a couple of managing jobs he thought he had locked up, and that now he was convinced he was being blackballed. He felt that Fred Haney of the Angels and Horace Stoneham of the Giants were spreading the word that Leo didn't want to manage anymore, and he popped off about how unfair this was, because he *did* want to manage, he was not independently wealthy, and he needed a job.

On top of all that, the baseball pension fund was just getting off the ground in those days, and it looked like Leo wasn't going to get a nickel for all his years of service as a manager. Under the rule, a former manager who was out of baseball got no pension-fund credit for his years as manager. If he came back into baseball, as a manager or as a coach, he immediately got retroactive credit for all his years. In other words, if Leo got back into baseball he would automatically be in line for about \$500 a month in his old age, and if he stayed out of baseball he would be in line for zip, nothing.

We talked all this over in the front office, and we considered the fact that Leo meant a lot to the Dodger image, and we threw in the fact that Leo is a fine baseball man. When we added everything up, I got on the phone. "Leo," I said, "in the first place, I don't agree with

you that you're being blackballed. And all this popping off about it is doing you no good. I want to see you right away."

In Leo's apartment I said: "Leo, maybe you think it's beneath your dignity, but we'd like you to come to work for the Dodgers as a coach."

Now, you don't ordinarily think of crusty Leo Durocher as an emotional man, but you'd have thought I just offered him the French Legion of Honor or something. The poor guy had been so upset over this screwy idea that he was being blackballed that the offer of an honest job on a major league ball club really touched him. He didn't even mull it over in his mind. He asked me when we wanted him to start. I said right away. I said, "One thing, Leo. We won't be able to pay you the kind of money you've been getting."

Leo was so touched that he didn't even want to negotiate. He said, "You and Mr. O'Malley figure out the salary, and it'll be good enough for me."

After Leo left, I went in to talk things over with Mr. O'Malley, and that cheap-skate suggested we start Leo at \$25,000 a year, the highest salary ever paid a major league coach. I told Walter it would bend the budget out of shape to start Leo so high, and Walter said that it wouldn't bend the budget at all, because Leo would bring in practically as much money as we were giving him.

As usual, Walter's prediction worked out almost to the penny, at least in Leo's first years with the Dodgers. I mean, it was one of those deals that benefited everybody. In his four years with the club, Leo collected well over \$100,000, counting World Series checks, and that's a lot of money for a coach. He also got reinstated in the baseball pension plan and lined up for a nice pension. But, on the other hand, Leo really worked. He'd come into my office day after day with fat checks for season tickets, or for whole blocs of World Series tickets, sold to all those friends of his. A coach like that is money in the bank. And when he's also pulling a full load down on the ball field, you've got a good thing going.

Of course, Leo being Leo, I had to have an absolutely clear-cut understanding with him about what his job meant and what it didn't mean. It didn't mean that there was a whisper of a chance that he would ever take over the manager's job from Walter Alston. I even

continued

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went so far as to warn Leo that I would have to fire him if the newspapers ever did any widespread speculating that Leo was waiting in the wings for Walt's job. I said, "I don't care if the stories are denied by you up one side and down the other, and I don't care if the writers are lying or not. If word gets out that you're in line for Walter's job, I'm going to have to let you go."

Well, Leo is nobody's idiot, and he understood right from the beginning the nature of our arrangement. Hell, Leo had been around long enough to know that no ball club can succeed if it has a coach waiting around conspicuously to pounce on the manager's job. Nobody wanted our ball club split into a Durocher half and an Alston half, least of all Leo himself.

I only wish I had been able to make all this clear to the press. Is there anybody around now who really thinks that Leo was hired as Walter's eventual replacement? And yet we had to fight that propaganda in a thousand different ways when Leo was coaching for Walter. Some columnist would write that Leo was taking over next Tuesday and Walter would be fired, and I'd come out with a blast that if Walter was fired I'd leave right along with him. Some baseball figure 2,000 miles away would tip off the home-town press that this had been Walter's last year and Leo would take over at the beginning of the next season, and I would have to do something fancy like phoning Walter by conference call and rehiring him in front of the press. When Bob Kennedy was head coach of the Cubs he was quoted one time in a newspaper: "I'll tell you one thing. If the Dodgers lose to Houston Saturday, Leo Durocher is the manager Sunday!" I read that story and exploded, and I must have quoted in every sports section in the country in some of the harshest prose ever printed. I said that Kennedy was a fine guy to talk about anybody taking over the job of manager. I said he had become head coach of the Cubs by stabbing nine fellow coaches in the back. I said Kennedy's got enough problems of his own without taking on any of ours. On Saturday I said, "I guess everybody has noticed that we lost to Houston today. That means if Durocher isn't manager of the Dodgers tomorrow, Kennedy is a liar. Will you print that, please?" They

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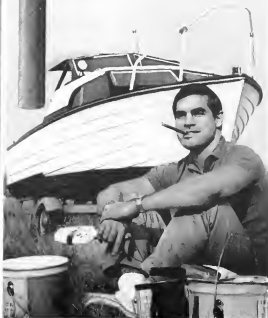
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MAURY AND LEO *continued*

printed that Funny thing about it... I didn't mean those things I said about Bob Kennedy. But it was typical of the extremes I had to go to to keep fighting that brush fire about Leo taking over. I had to accuse somebody I really liked of stabbing his fellow coaches in the back! And if you think I didn't really like and admire Bob Kennedy, then maybe you didn't know that soon afterward I hired him to manage our Albuquerque club. He's a coach for the Atlanta Braves now, and they're lucky to have him.

But I don't mean to say that Leo's four years with the Dodger coaching staff were any international peace conference. Having Leo working for you is like using dynamite to build a road. If you handle everything just right, you get a lot of work done. But if you make a mistake, *blazes!* Leo is one of the most outspoken of men, he simply can't keep his mouth shut. Like the time at Vero Beach when he blurts out to Mrs. O'Malley that Walter isn't giving her enough spending money. To Leo, that was a perfectly acceptable remark, and he meant it as a spirit of helpfulness. Walter laughed when he heard it, but he didn't laugh so loud the time Leo was kibitzing him in a gin game and Leo kept saying, "Go down! Go down!" and then said in a loud stage whisper, "He's got to be the stupidest gin player I ever saw!" So Walter goes down with six, gets undercut and then finds out that his next draw would have been gin. By that time Leo had disappeared, and very wisely.

Now, and then Leo would pop off like this on the ball field. A typical time was in Pittsburgh, when Ron Fairly missed a hit-and-run sign and killed a Dodger rally. Leo comes fuming back to the bench and says in that loud voice of his, "Somebody ought to take that guy's money!" and a few more choice remarks.

Walter Alston took all he could, and then he told Leo, "Who're you talking about, taking his money? I'm the only one that can take his money, and I don't need any advice from you. You take care of the coaching, and I'll take care of the managing!" Walter closed his little speech by reminding Leo that three times during the game he had had to whistle at Leo in the third-base coaching box to get him to take the signs.

That incident was made to look like the Battle of Bull Run in the papers, but nobody seemed to notice that when Wal-

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MAURY AND LEO *continued*

ter got kicked out of a ball game the very next day he turned to Durocher and said, "You take over, Leo." He could just as easily have asked Pete Reiser or Greg Mulleavy or Joe Becker to take over, but Walter doesn't play that way.

The biggest blowoff with Leo came at the end of the 1962 season, when everybody was feeling down in the mouth over the way we lost the playoff to the Giants after taking a 4-2 lead into the last inning of the deciding game. Somebody had scheduled a victory dinner in Los Angeles after the last playoff game, and you can imagine the happy crowd that showed up. Aside from the fact that everybody got stoned, no two stories about that joyous evening are the same. I can only tell you that I blew my cock the next day when I was told that Leo had taken the occasion to say, "We would have won the pennant if I had been managing the club."

A reporter asked me for a reaction, and I was only too happy to oblige. "Leo's crack was inexcusable," I told him, "and it cannot be ignored. Unless he proves to me he didn't say it he's through, as far as I'm concerned. I don't care if he was just responding to somebody else's crack. He should have defended Walter right down the line. That's what Alston would have done had their positions been reversed. Also I'm not so sure Durocher would have won the pennant. And if he knew a way to win it, why didn't he tell Alston?" I was plenty mad.

Then I ran into Leo in the hallway of the Friars Club in Los Angeles, and I told him to his face what I thought. I said he was very unfair to Walter, that Walter had been one of Leo's loudest backers when we hired him, that the ball club had done him a big favor and that he owed somebody a public apology. I got madder and madder as I spoke, and all poor Leo could do was keep repeating that I was giving him a bum rap, that he had never said what they said he said. A friend of mine came by at the height of the discussion, and later on he said to me, "What the hell was that all about? I've never seen Leo look so white!" I told Leo I ought to fire him right then and there, right in the hallway of the Friars Club. I told him Walter was twice the manager that he was, and twice the man, and I said, "I'd fire you right now, Leo, but you're working for Walter Al-

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MAURY AND LEO continued

ton, not me, and it's Walter Alston that'll either save your neck or fire you!"

Well, even at this late date I'm not prepared to tell anybody exactly what Leo did or didn't say that night. But, to give Durocher the benefit of the doubt, several reliable people came to me after I popped off and said that Leo had been misquoted, that somebody had said to Leo: "We never should have lost the pennant. I wish you were managing in that last game. We'd have won it." And Leo is supposed to have said, "I would have liked my chances going into the ninth with a two-run lead."

When I found this out I called Leo up and told him that I thought he was out of line, but not as out of line as I had been led to believe earlier. I didn't apologize—I still think Leo should have said that Walter had done a great job, and I still think that Leo wouldn't have had the Dodgers in the playoff in the first place—but I did tell Leo that the whole matter was forgotten as far as I was concerned and now it was just a routine question of whether Walter wanted him back as a coach. Leo said that would be fine with him.

I called Alston in and told him everything I knew, and he said, "He's a good coach. I want him back."

Two years later Leo came to the end of the line with us, and there were no hard feelings. Leo knew I liked to shuffle the coaching staffs every few years to bring more and more of our people into the major league pension plan, and 1964 was one of those times. Leo took it fine, and I know why. He was pretty sure he was going to get the St. Louis managing job when Johnny Keane quit. I don't know why he didn't. It's no rap on Red Schoendienst, but St. Louis could have made worse mistakes than hiring Leo Durocher. He was a Dodger coach for four years, and nobody in our organization has ever said he didn't do a first-class job. I was lucky to be able to bring him back to the Dodgers for that long, and I know Walter O'Malley was glad to have him, too. I don't know who is advising Walter on his family budget now that Leo is gone.

NEXT WEEK

In the fourth and final installment Bavasi tells the real secret of baseball trading—and how long it takes to learn it.

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OWLS, EAGLES AND PRAIRIE CHICANERY

by HAROLD PETERSON

Spring brings a flurry of feathery activity to Fran and Fred Hamarstrom's old house (left) and a booming in the marshlands and fields around it

It had been a cold, wet and windswept Wednesday on the prairies of Portage County, so cold and wet that by 3 in the afternoon dairy cows stood in line at barn doors waiting to be let in out of the rain.

The following morning, however, the sky cleared, and succeeding days, the first greening days of the Wisconsin spring, fairly implored us to be up and about before dawn. Tramping across the Buena Vista marshland and sand plain, orchestrated by lark and killdeer and winnowing snipe, would have been justification enough. Watching hundreds of chattering geese northbound in a wobbly V would have, too. But Drs. Fred and Fran Hamarstrom and members of an extraordinary organization known as the Society of Tympanuchus Cupido Pinnatus, Ltd. had an even better reason: the prairie chickens (pinnated grouse) were beginning to boom.

Prairie chickens (*Tympanuchus* etc. translated into English), which everyone has heard of but few have seen, stage a courtship ritual distinguished by some of the most colorful pageantry in all of nature. This booming, as it is called, is a haunting sound more characteristic of the ritual than the other whoops, hoots, crows, cackles and supercoos the bird emits and is a strong evocation of the nearly vanished prairie. To see these singular creatures trot over a swale at false dawn, picket off territories on blue grass and native blue stem, dance a curious Charleston, fight scores of real and mock battles after puffing up bright orange eyebrows and air sacs is to see the prairie as it must have been when Francis Parkman rode the Oregon Trail in 1846.

And no one has a better right to enjoy this spectacle than the remarkable Hamarstroms, among the world's foremost authorities on grouse and certainly the most colorful. They, with the irreplaceable aid of the society and the Prairie Chicken Foundation, are responsible for survival of the

continued



prairie chicken east of the Mississippi—and probably elsewhere.

Despite the magnitude of that job, perhaps the Hamerstroms' most important achievement has been inspiring the formation of the Tympanuchus Society. Some \$500,000 and more than 8,500 acres have been given for cover lands, and in six short years the society has contributed over half of that. Its means of doing so have enormous significance for all conservation work, for three reasons. First, the society—although national in scope—represents a remarkable percentage of the power structure of Milwaukee and the rest of Wisconsin. Three hundred thirty-three members are presidents or board chairmen of corporations ranging from Jos Schlitz Brewing Company to the Wrought Washer Mfg. Co. Second, it minimizes local opposition by not taking land off tax rolls. It simply leases acreage to the state for chicken management. Third, and best, the society has firmly attached an aura of fun and social status to conservation. That image is attracting cash with an alacrity never attained by long-faced doom-crying. Just a year after the society's 1961 founding, for notable example, foreign competition forced out of business a huge adjacent grass-seed farm on whose existence the entire project had depended. Instead of conceding disaster,

the society quickly and cheerfully committed itself to spending \$110,000 for all 3,005 acres. It looked almost easy.

But what really draws the Beautiful People of Milwaukee (besides the merits of the prairie chicken itself) is, one suspects, fascination with the Hamerstroms, the project biologists, and their way of life.

The Hamerstroms, to begin with, have lived for 18 years in a big, old, magnificently weathered house—part Charles Addams and part baronial manor—whose construction was interrupted by the Civil War and never wholly completed. (The bare-lathed ballroom on which the boys were working just before leaving for battle now serves as shelter for dozens and scores of volunteer bird watchers in sleeping bags.) "The first time our children—then 6 and 8—saw the house was when we moved in," Fran Hamerstrom relates "and it was night. You can imagine how it looked to them. We gave each a candle and, dressed in long white nightdresses, they explored all the odd staircases and empty rooms."

No lesser setting would suffice for the Hamerstroms, who are stamped from no common die. Fred Hamerstrom is a gray-bearded but young-looking patriarch whose appearance and manner at all times suggest both Commander Whitehead and Santa Claus. Fran (pro-

nounced Frahn) crosses the stronger qualities of a younger Margaret Ruthersford and a sculptor's representation of indomitable Britannia. Daughter Elva has worked summers at the lion exhibit in a children's zoo, and son John delighted in informing Harvard classmates that his mother customarily drove a telephone repairman's truck and his father was a professional bird watcher.

Lack of central heating and plumbing ("the only thing that flushes anywhere near the Hamerstrom house is grouse") suits this family fine. It is with genuine relish that they boil water to bathe in tin tubs ("Ahhhhhh!" a sign warns. "Bath in progress") and stoke huge ornate mackel-and-cast-iron stoves wrought with rampant sea serpents.

Quite routinely, a visitor will break off his admiration of these stoves to inspect one of several enormous horned owls realistically mounted on random transoms and bookcases. Just as the guest is about to compliment the taxidermy, an owl blinks, swivels its head and flies off to another perch. The current owls-in-residence are Ambrose and Zuleika (named for Max Beerbohm's heroine).

Those not startled upon first meeting Ambrose and Zuleika have probably been immunized to surprise by a spook greeting to first-time arrivals: "Please don't disturb the eagle. It's incubating." Last year Chrys, an exceptionally large golden eagle, was indeed incubating, but the eggs were not eagle eggs. Although Chrys's instinct for timing could not be faulted (she laid her first egg on Easter), her maternal instincts left something to be desired. Since she tended to crush shells, she had been demoted to chicken eggs for practice. The chicks, if hatched, presumably would have eaten raw meat and fancied themselves rulers of the skies.

These predators are a kind of professional avocation of Fran's. She does studies on hawks and has recently finished a book on eagles (Chrys is her eighth), moreover, people are forever sending her sick birds to nurse back to health. As a sideline, she observes the homing instincts of bats, hopefully casting forth banded bats from the arklike barnloft, like a Noah seeking dry land.

The birds sometimes serve, too, as props for the brand of drolleries favored by the Hamerstroms. On one occasion a large group of European ornithologists



THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS MIX WAR—BOTH MOCK AND REAL—WITH THEIR SPRING LOVE

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among the many visitors who have come—was a target. "They were fascinated by a chance to observe an American species of owl so close at hand," Fran fondly recalls, "and I couldn't resist the opportunity. I've always wondered," I said, "why our American owls *own* so much better than yours." That provoked their curiosity. At least half a dozen distinguished scientists solemnly bent down and sniffed Ambrose. They had good reason to look perplexed. I had sprayed that owl with Chanel No. 5. Finally one Frenchman leaned down, sniffed and stood up with the most disgusted look on his face. "Parfume!" he said. He was so furious."

One feels also that Fran's interest in birds of prey is not altogether unrelated to her being an archfeminist. "Isn't it fascinating?" she has been known to say. "With predatory birds of unknown sex it's much politer to say 'she.' The female of the species is so much bigger and stronger." That was the very same day she reminisced. "When I was 17 I said, 'I shall never cook for any man.'" Turning back to scrambling eggs for 14 at 3 a.m., she added, "But then I also said, 'I shall never have children unless I can have a governess.'"

The Hamerstoms' free-spirited life in this unconventional environment—a life of boiling bird skeletons in a pot while cooking dinner, of collecting a library featuring *The Auk* in 84 volumes, of screening doorways with fishnet to keep itinerant birds out of the open-faced files—began with a characteristic moment whose recounting still evokes a wry laugh from Fred Hamerstrom and merriment from his wife. During their first Wisconsin winter on the farm the pump froze. In a gesture fraught with symbolism Fran thawed it by burning the velvet dress she had worn as a debutante in Boston. "We had to burn something expendable," says Fran, still laughing. "I looked, and the dress was it. We don't save rags, and all our warm clothing had to be kept."

Similar moments have been plentiful. When the Hamerstoms started their prairie-chicken project money was scarce. Their first blind was a card table wrapped in blankets. The first time they used it, crouching in 18° cold for seven hours, only one chicken appeared and boomed for five minutes. When the Hamerstoms progressed to packing crates Fran made regular rounds of local merchants, beg-

ging boxes. At one store—she has no difficulty remembering—a clerk came back with a truly tiny carton. "Oh, that won't do," she said in disappointment. "My husband is going to be in it."

Those days of making traps out of saplings and scavenged nails, of supporting both themselves and the project on \$50 a month, were no unforeseen novelty, however. Ever since 1931, when Fred married Fran, graduated from Harvard and embarked on a career of wildlife studies and management long before such a field existed, the Hamerstoms had had comprehensive experience in converting utter impracticality into accomplished reality. Fred held one of the nation's first fellowships in wildlife research. Hearing a rumor that such a position was being considered at Iowa State, he applied. "The reply said a number of discouraging things, but it never conclusively said no," he remembers. "So we packed up and presented ourselves on Professor Paul Errington's doorstep. Our old car broke down as we entered Ames, leaving us with neither means to get back nor money to repair it. Learning that we had been sleeping in the field to save money, Professor Errington—that is the kind of man he is—put us up in his own bed, and he slept on the couch."

With the help of Errington's goodwill and Hamerstrom's brilliant fieldwork, the fellowship research was highly successful, launching the couple on a career leading to the University of Wisconsin for work with wildlife research pioneer Aldo Leopold, then to the University of Michigan and, in 1949, to the Prairie Grouse Management Research Unit on Buena Vista Marsh. An exhausting list of honors was accumulated along the way. In spite of these the Hamerstoms have retained their flair and style.

Of late the Hamerstoms have frequently been able to rely upon others, particularly the 450-odd volunteer observers of the booming season, for entertainment and heartwarming zeal. Two Sues from the University of Illinois, for a recent example, left Champaign on a bus at 12:58 a.m., rode three and a half hours, spent four hours in a Chicago bus station, from 4:30 to 8:30, and finally arrived at Prairiechickenville late that afternoon.

Their rewards were three mornings of rising before dawn to sit in the cold and a considerable lot of fun. Not surprising-

continued



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BY JONLON

ly, much of that fun was provided by a likable mob of rodeo riders, storytellers, falconers, birdbanders, band-beaters and general hell-raisers from Rockford, Ill.

The younger amateur researchers naturally originate a good portion of the livelier chicken-watching anecdotes. One observer is fond of telling how a hitherto unattached couple was put together in one of two blinds on a booming ground. Now, a pinnated grouse blind, as built in Wisconsin, is a tight fit for two. After some hours of propinquity the student scientists got vastly more interested in courtship inside the blind than out. So intense did the interest become that suddenly, before the eyes of the startled occupants of the other shelter, the entire canvas blind—scopes, stakes, seats and all—violently tipped over backward, spilling its embarrassed tenants onto the grass and into a flushing flurry of indignant prairie chickens.

But persistence was the best virtue of a rather elderly and definitely corpulent couple who spent hours in a blind, crouching on their hands and knees, peering out of peepholes unaccountably placed only inches above the ground, without ever getting a good look at a bird. It was not until much later that they discovered the blind was upside down.

Another bit of madness is one of Fran's favorite anecdotes, partly because it illustrates the rural friendliness of the locality. "This couple," says Fran, "telephoned to say they would be a little late. We delayed the evening briefing, then held it and they still hadn't appeared. We all went to bed a little worried. As it happened, the couple had gone to the Potton farm up the road. With true country hospitality the Pottons let them in, not even asking who they were, and talked weather for hours. Finally, about 10 o'clock, they gave them cake and coffee. That is the country signal to go, but the couple just settled down, obviously staying. Finally, about midnight, they realized their error, jumped up full of apologies and came down here. The house was dark, and by that time they were pretty rattled. Being city people, they somehow thought the thing to do was to crawl through a window as quietly as possible. Unfortunately, of all the possible choices in this house, the one they picked was our bedroom window."

As befits any group dedicated to na-

ture's finest soft-shoe shuffler, the Society of Tympanuchus Cupido Pinnatus has its own vaudeville moments, too. Oh, mostly the members restrict themselves to the simple pleasure and light entertainment they find, after a hard week of managing large sums of money, in driving around Buena Vista Marsh and rearranging its 50,000 acres. But sometimes they conduct business meetings consisting of five to six minutes of businesslike business and 300 minutes of cocktail party for 600 people. Or they write bylaws containing sections like "5. Ruffled Feathers" (pertaining to voluntary withdrawals from membership) and "6. Day of Reckoning" (governing annual contributions). And the club quasi-quarterly, *BOOM!*, runs heavily toward quotations from odes of John Marston (1575-1634), letters to the editor in Latin and such announcements as, Fuzzy Thurston, Green Bay Packer left guard, is the newest member.

Some well remember the time a non-member was invited along to watch birds dance. The party on the evening before had lasted much longer than 300 minutes, so everyone had intended to spare the man the obligation of struggling into hunting clothes and hip boots before dawn by not waking him. In the first faint light of morning, however, the guest, a very British Swiss gentleman raised in India, was seen walking across a burn. Homburg on head, Seville Row suit coat framing silk tie and starched collar, he was impeccably dressed to the waist—and wore nothing below.

Tympanuchus Cupido's friends succeed pretty well in demonstrating Fred Hamerstrom's most quoted maxim: "Good works." Fred Hamerstrom says, "don't have to be done in a sepulchral atmosphere."

One random incident from last spring's booming conclusively and finally reinforces that conviction. A bearded chicken-counter's small son had come running to the Hamerstrom house, breathlessly recounting how he had seen a mysterious creature, neither animal nor vegetable, neither feathered nor furred, hanging from a tree limb.

"In all likelihood," someone said, "the beast the boy has seen, from its description, is either a bad watcher or a conservationist, and it is probably both."

The hanging thing turned out to be a fungus.

END



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That well-known sporting mascot, **George Plimpton**, author of *Paper Lion* and *Out of My League*, had a bad day Sunday before last. He pitched for a softball team which won. The cast of a New York revue, *The Mad Show*, enlisted a few ringers such as Yankees' President **Mike Burke** and **Pinpoint** (below) and successfully challenged New York Mayor Lindsay's Lancers in Central Park. It may have been some comfort to George that the team he defeated was a feeble one that has lost all of its previous games. And by week's end he should have felt quite himself again after a proper drubbing by 1964 Olympic swimming champion Don Schollander in the Yale pool. Schollander spotted George 20 yards out of 50 and churned past to best him by seven full seconds.

The London *Weekend Telegraph* revealed recently that English Actor **Tom Courtenay** is a fervent soccer enthusiast with a habit of rising early to practice penalty shots in the park across from his house. He crouches over the ball in an imagined penalty area, the *Telegraph* reports, announcing, "This is the way Pelé does it," and, "Moving so his left is in a kind of at-

tentive ecstasy he'll shout, 'This is how Eusebio smashed Hungary!' " Well, O.K., except that the same article earlier says of him, "His body is curiously superfluous and works only in conjunction with his face. His body seems capable of only moderate motion, whereas his face continually falls away into new and subtle configurations." Unless he is planning to hypnotize the opposition, perhaps Courtenay should leave the smashing of Hungary to Eusebio.

Los Angeles residents who lack the time or money to make it out to Indy for the 500 this month might just go and stand around **Lady May Lawford's** garage, because Actor Peter Lawford's mother (74 according to *Los Angeles Times* clippings, 66 by her own reckoning) is where the action is. On April 1 Salesman Robert D. Franks sold Lady Lawford a convertible Ford Fairlane GT. On April 5 she backed it out of her driveway at 40 mph—across the street, over a sapling and into a parked car. It was an exciting performance but, dismasted, Lady Lawford shot forward with undiminished speed into the concrete wall of her garage. The car was a total loss and so might have been a lesser woman than Peter's mother, who had

to have nine teeth surgically removed from the back of her throat. She was still under her doctor's care on May 10th when Salesman Franks brought over a shiny, brand-new six-cylinder Ford Mustang. On May 11 Lady

thing for their exultant fans to rush out and buy. On May 10 the Spurs got together in a London recording studio (below) and, with the aid of a few crates of beer ("for lubrication rather than inebriation"), recorded



Lawford backed the Mustang—at 40 mph—out of the garage and into the house across the street, and then roared into Franks's parked car. Damage to house across the street: \$700. Damage to Mustang: \$1,500. Damage to Mr. Franks's car: \$1,000. Damage to Lady Lawford: negligible. She is feeling very well, thank you, but is thinking of giving up driving.

"I don't think my association with writers has hurt me," **José Torres** said recently to New York Columnist Larry Merchant, and writers everywhere felt warm all over. Torres is known to be a good friend of Novelist **Norman Mailer**, and Mailer turned up, like a good friend, for Torres' fight with Dick Tiger last week. The end of the fight found Torres loser and still ex-champion. Mailer was looking fine.

Tottenham Hotspur won England's Football Association Cup last week with an easier victory over Chelsea than the 2-1 score indicates, and had the foresight to have prepared a little some-

such disparate numbers as *I Belong to Glasgow* and *Hello, Hello!* The record, to be entitled *The Spurs Go Marching On*, will be unleashed in a few weeks, and an official of the recording company could only say of it that Terry Venables' voice was fine but "Jimmy Greaves and the rest had better stick to soccer."

If there is anything the coach of a champion hates it is to have his tiger go off to do something for fun that involves the risk of a pulled ligament or, heaven forbid, a broken bone. So, consider the feelings of Honoré Bonnet, coach of the French ski team, when Jean-Claude Killy climbed into a Porsche 911S recently to gamble the whole shooting match, parietal bone to metatarsus, in what is considered the world's roughest road race, the Targa Florio in Sicily. However, at the end of the race Bonnet could safely come out from under the covers. Only 25 of the 63 cars entered in this year's Targa Florio finished, but the seventh was Killy, and the first in its class, was Killy's.



A black and white photograph of a diver's wrist wearing a Bulova Snorkel watch. The watch has a round, metallic case with a dark dial featuring large, luminous Arabic numerals at 12, 3, 6, and 9, and stick markers for other hours. The hands are also luminous. The watch is attached to a dark, textured strap. The background is dark and grainy, suggesting an underwater environment with some light reflecting off particles.

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Before trying a shot on which your swing is restricted, repeatedly test how far back you can take the club.

FRANKIE GOLDEN

If you are trapped by a tree, forget it

The best way to approach the situation illustrated here might be to put yourself into a trance. Every golfer tends to miss a high percentage of shots out of serious trouble, such as this one in which a tree limb is restricting the backswing, and all too often the reason for the miss is not the awkward lie but a failure to concentrate on execution. You begin to think about the tree instead of about hitting the ball. What you should do for any such shot is to take your position over the ball and try a tentative backswing. Once you have

established how far back you can take the club, repeat the restricted swing over and over again—sometimes hitting the obstacle—until you are accustomed to swinging within the confines of the space available. Once you have done this, forget about the obstacle and put all of your concentration into the act of striking the ball firmly and properly. Even if you find that the club hits the tree on the backswing, you are now prepared for this and your unusual concentration will enable you to complete the shot.



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bubbles that last the whole drink through. Schweppes Bitter Orange is made with whole fresh oranges including the peel.

It is a versatile mixer and a staunch refresher when taken alone. As is the case with Bitter Lemon, it is slightly bitter to the tongue.

But then, the British long ago discovered that victory is not always sweet.



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If you are looking for omens, how about having an Irishman host the Union Jack upside down at the flag-raising ceremony on the eve of the Walker Cup Matches at the most exclusive of all English golf clubs, Royal St. George's? That is what happened to poor Joe Carr last Thursday afternoon, and from that moment on nothing went well for the British, who had entertained serious hopes of getting their second Walker Cup victory in 21 tries but instead came away with their 19th defeat, losing 13-7.

The British were entitled to be optimistic, for their Walker Cup fortunes seemed to be improving, and the manner in which they lost makes one want to give some moody thought to the entire British golf scene. In the 1963 Walker Cup the British had led at the end of the first day. In 1965 they led again and ended up with a tie. Now they were coming into the biennial event with a team weakened by the loss of Clive Clark and Peter Townsend, who had turned professional, but one that had looked excellent in exhaustive trials over Royal St. George's.

By contrast, the Americans had just seen their most noted player, Deane Beman, turn pro five weeks ago, and of their team only 44-year-old Bill Campbell and Downing Gray were familiar with the unusual demands of British golf. As American Captain Jess Sweetser said: "Back home we would never even go out in such terrible weather."

If the Americans don't they ought to, for when play began on Friday they all but ignored a wild westerly gale that swept unchecked across the treeless course, and piled up an insurmountable 8-1 lead. That night, searching for a polite explanation of the big U.S. advantage, Sweetser said the British "appeared to be weaker in the stretch." It was a masterpiece of understatement. The British had been undone by exactly what has destroyed their players, both pro and amateur, for years—lack of resolution in a crisis, inferior putting and the inability to produce a telling shot when it is urgently needed, a feat the Americans appear to accomplish at will.

For instance, Britain's Ronnie Shade, the world's No. 1 amateur at last year's Eisenhower Trophy meeting in Mexico City, and the Dulwich College schoolboy, Peter Oosterhuis, who is just 19, led all the way from the fourth to the last hole of the top Friday foursome match

against Ron Cerrudo and Bob Murphy. But it was the roly-poly Murphy, looking like a fugitive from an English television commercial in his floppy hat, who played the key shot of the match at the 441-yard 18th, a perfect three-wood to the heart of the green.

Seeing this, Shade, for reasons best known to himself, chose a one-iron. The Scotsman had no chance of getting to the green and, in fact, cut the ball weakly into the rough, leaving his young partner an impossible pitch over a bunker. Thus the British lost a match they seemed certain to win, a pattern that became all too familiar before the Walker Cup was officially an American hands again.

On the second day of play there was a flurry of hope when the British won three of the four morning matches, but the top man on the American team, the stylish Campbell, resolved the issue. For the morning foursome match he was paired with Jack Lewis, a 19-year-old history student from Wake Forest who, like our Oosterhuis, plays with all the blissful ignorance of youth. Just when it seemed that Britain might earnestly put the pressure on by making a clean sweep of the morning's play, Campbell floated an immaculate wedge shot from 100 yards out on the 18th hole right to the edge of the cup, giving him and Lewis a 1-up victory. Then in his afternoon singles match against Shade, the

Nothing flew right for the home side

A noted British golf writer takes a stern view of the Walker Cup debacle and spots a pro trend

tall West Virginian, his swing as smooth and majestic as ever, ran off five consecutive threes to beat the best man on the British team.

If Shade was a disappointment to the British, so was Michael Bonallack, who on the first afternoon was 4 up against Downing Gray at the end of nine holes, and then shot an inexcusable 42 coming home and was fortunate to escape with a tie. With their two top men failing and

continued



DURING CEREMONIES U.S. TEAM IS AT ATTENTION, BUT BRITISH FLAG IS UPSIDE DOWN

their feeble finishing in general, the British cause was hopeless.

There is little doubt that the Americans are better strikers of the ball. They also seem able to concentrate on playing the course rather than the man. They were by no means invincible, as is evident from the British performance on the second day when they won three singles and three foursomes, but by then it was too late, and it is also easier to play well when there is nothing to lose. Once again, like the boxer who does his best work in the gym, the British had done theirs in the practice rounds. Carr, the

one thing that can keep you from becoming a champion—you are English!"

There have been numerous explanations for the failures of the British pros, all of which have some validity. It has been said that the British swings are old-fashioned, that they are graceful and elegant but not effective. The inability to play the year round has been blamed, and the lack of different kinds of courses. Finally, it has been argued that the British are bad putters under pressure because they use a wristy stroke, which is, again, aesthetically satisfying, yet does not seem to hold up under the strain of

To other golfing nations, some of the things that happen to an aspiring British pro must seem inexplicable. Clark, for instance, is a native of Scarborough, Yorkshire and played much of his amateur golf at, and out of, nearby Ganton Golf Club. But when he turned professional he was officially forbidden to practice there. He was then approached by several clubs who wanted him to be their playing pro and eventually chose Sunningdale rather than Addington because he would not be allowed in the clubhouse at Addington.

As part of the benefits they have received since signing with McCormack, both youngsters are now driving BMW 1800 sports saloons. But Townsend has said that he is almost too embarrassed to go in the competitors' car park at a tournament for fear of the gossip.

Much of this—and it is vicious—stems from players who are trying to do two jobs at once. In attempting to be both tournament and club pros, they manage only to fall between two stools.

There is also a solid body of outdated opinion in British golf clubs that it is "positively frightful" that these youngsters should be taking so much money out of the royal and ancient game. Both are earning retainers of about £3,000 a year, not including advertising contracts. Many older club members feel that the likes of Townsend and Clark should be "cleaning shoes and clubs and learning their trade instead of gadding about at tournaments." If they want a drink after a session on the practice tee, then someone should take it outside to them at the back of the clubhouse.

For too long now Britain's best young sportsmen and sportswomen have been subjected to this demeaning treatment by those whom Tony Jacklin calls "tweed-clad fuddy-duddies." In many cases the way they are treated has caused their confidence to ebb away in their vital, formative years. Jacklin, a lorry-driver's son who played beautifully in the recent U.S. Masters championship, says, "We are 10 years behind in our thinking about sport. There is nothing like enough help given to the young. A lot of British people talk about loud-mouthed Yanks but, having been to America, I can see why they produce champions. It's not 'Yes sir, No sir' there, or 'I'll bring out a drink to you in a minute, Tony.'"

"Successful professionals are revered

continued



YOUNG TOWNSEND HAS LOTS OF BACKING

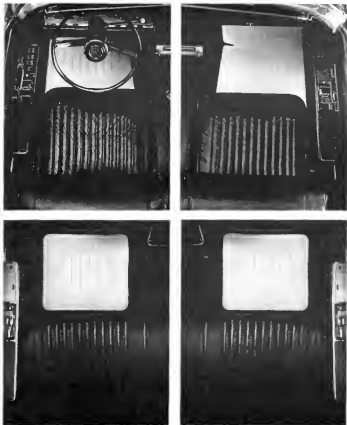
AND ONCE-SHY CLARK HAS WINNING WAY

British captain, summed it up when he said, "We had the course and the weather, but we played like fools on Friday. They hit the ball better. We were well beaten." The thing to do at the next Walker Cup, observed England's former golf great, Henry Cotton, is for the Americans to give Britain a 2-up start in every match.

The inability of British amateurs to beat the Americans in a team match such as the Walker Cup is perhaps understandable, but what is more abrasive to national pride and is certainly a related problem is that not since Cotton 20 years ago has Britain been able to produce a professional golfer possessed of the necessary ability, determination and dedication to be ranked among the world's best. This has become so noticeable that when Clive Clark went to Australia for three months of tutoring under Norman Von Nida in 1965, the old Aussie pro greeted him with a firm handshake and said: "Glad to have you. There is only

an 8-footer worth \$10,000. But a tougher problem than all of the technical factors could be attitude—and a rebellion may be under way in the pro ranks.

The personalities who might eventually change the status quo are Clark, who is now 21, and his 1965 Walker Cup teammate, 20-year-old Peter Townsend. Clark turned pro in December 1965 and Townsend a year later, and both of them have signed up with Mark McCormack, the man who has successfully directed the affairs of Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer and who is accumulating an ever-growing stable of promising young foreign golfers. In taking on Clark and Townsend, McCormack has apparently spotted what is fast becoming a national neurosis. Britain wants a champion badly and will shower fame and money on one. The question is whether Clark and Townsend—or anyone—can rise out of the morass of mediocrity, small-mindedness and petty jealousy that has bedeviled British pro golf since Cotton,



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For those with adventurous taste, may we suggest the following prize winning recipes from around the world.

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize Winning Recipe)
Hôtel Commodore, Bergamo
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Anisat Brandy
1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with crushed ice
Strain into cocktail glass

GOLDEN CABILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Cream de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small amount of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe)
United Kingdom
Bentley's Old Blend
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cocktail glass, strain into cocktail glass

GALLIANO MIST
Put one tablespoon glass with crushed ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop 1/2 section fresh lime into glass for acid taste.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe)
Sandy Lane Hotel, Bermuda, W.I.
1/2 oz. Galliano 1/2 oz. Rum
1/2 oz. Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with crushed ice, stir until thick (semi frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe)
Cappuccino, Denmark
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part Fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail) Milan, Italy
1/2 oz. Vodka 1/2 oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

GOLF continued

in America because it is everyone for himself there. And only the successful are respected. I don't think I am selfish or self-centered by nature, but you have to be at this game, and the British don't like you for it. I would be wasting my time if I didn't want to be the best golfer in the world."

Jacklin was a lone voice in the wilderness until Townsend and Clark appeared on the scene, but now there is hope that British professional golf will find the champion it so badly needs to restore its self-respect. Clark and Townsend seem to have exactly the right attitude toward the enormous task that faces them. Both are industrious and dedicated. They agree implicitly with all that Jacklin has said. Both have proved as amateurs that they have outstanding talent. And both are on the move.

Already contracts have been signed by Townsend with the International Wool Secretariat for clothing, the Uniroyal Company for golf balls, the Craighton Golf Company of Glasgow for clubs in Britain, Slazengers for clubs in Australia, with the British monthly magazine, *Golf World* and with Coca-Cola. He says: "I no longer think of playing just in Britain, as did the older brigade of our professionals. Britain is only one of the stops we'll have to make on a world-wide, year-round tour from now on."

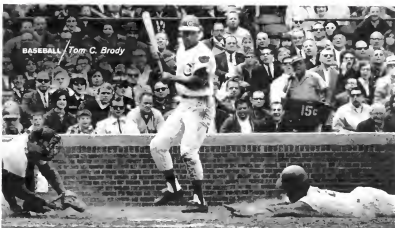
Townsend has been having considerable trouble with his game, but Clark's confidence and ability on the golf course have improved as steadily and impressively as his personality. He is, in fact, a changed man. As an amateur he was almost painfully shy and retiring. But a week after joining the McCormack stable he turned up for a luncheon wearing a well-cut maroon-and-black checked jacket, maroon silk slacks, patterned maroon tie and gold pin.

It is far too early to say whether the thoughtful, more conservative Clark could ever become another Casper or the mercurial Townsend another Palmer, but even if they fail, this twosome is showing the way to hundreds of ambitious youngsters who are beginning to realize that the next Briton who wins the British Open Championship (none has since 1948) will become not only a national hero but a millionaire.

When that happens, British pride and all of British golf will be refurbished. Who knows? The Walker Cup may even become a match again.

END

✓ 1947 there was \$ 1,443,510,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1948 there was \$ 1,562,151,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1949 there was \$ 2,119,455,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1950 there was \$ 2,663,755,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1951 there was \$ 3,357,576,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1952 there was \$ 3,968,343,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1953 there was \$ 4,582,433,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1954 there was \$ 6,524,486,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1955 there was \$ 8,555,494,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1956 there was \$ 9,105,048,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1957 there was \$ 9,462,830,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1958 there was \$14,132,828,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1959 there was \$15,313,037,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1960 there was \$19,439,086,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1961 there was \$23,048,049,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1962 there was \$22,638,622,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1963 there was \$26,863,371,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1964 there was \$30,464,046,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1965 there was \$36,173,149,000 invested in mutual fun
✓ 1966 there was \$39,442,970,000 invested in mutual fun



ADOLFO PHILLIPS LEAPS BACK AS TEAMMATE TED SAVAGE, SHOWING NEW CUB SPIRIT, SLIDES IN HANDS FIRST WITH STEAL OF HOME

What team is that? The Cubs? Third place?

It was hard to believe, especially after last year's 10th place finish behind everybody in the National League, including the Mets, but Leo Durocher's mostly youthful Cubs are playing fiery baseball, and they're winning

Up, up, up they go—skirts, rents, rockets—yes, and the price of whiskey and the speed of your grandmother's jealousy and the cost of stomach operations and the Chicago Cubs and—And the Chicago who? Now, wait just one minute. That is Wrigley Field, isn't it? Look, no light towers. Ivy on the walls. Not a billboard in the place. And that is Ernie Banks out there on first base, right? The Cubs don't change. You love them, you root for them, you laugh at them—and you lose with them. So tell me about skirts and all that, but do not tell me about the Chicago Cubs. I know about them.

Excuse me, sir, but you do not. Take a long, hard look at the National League standings. No mistake, those are the Cubs up there, fighting the Pirates and the Braves and the Giants for third place. And those are the very same Cubs that made history last year by finishing behind the Mets. Now, look out there on the field and maybe you'll see why—if they will just hold still for a few minutes. It may be asking too much. The Cubs are young. They bubble, they move and they can astound you with the things they do right—and wrong. But whatever mistakes the Cubs make now, they make

them with an all-out, legs-churning, hold-on-to-your-hat approach that has had wise old heads in Chicago shaking in disbelief. Cubs bounce off walls, ignore the stop-here signs of third-base coaches and steal home for the sheer joy of it.

Coming as it has after all those years of stark inactivity (a Cub who scratched the back of his head was said to be hot-dogging it), all this energy is highly disconcerting. Will the rest of the National League regain its composure and send the Cubs kicking and screaming back into last place? Or is that really talent out there? Real, live, squaring talent? It's possible. Any team with Ron Santo at third base and Billy Williams in left field is two All-Stars ahead of the game right off the bat. What else is new? Well, try it up the middle. Catcher Randy Hundley, age 24, unwanted by the San Francisco Giants, spent his first full season in the majors with the Cubs last year and hit 19 home runs. Don Kessinger, age 24, tried switch-hitting in midseason and became one of the better hitting shortstops around. Glenn Beckert, age 25, is just this side of Bill Mazeroski as a second baseman and a .287 hitter to boot. And Adolfo Phillips, age

24, last year a moody, lonely Panamanian who was just as likely to sulk at a fly ball as catch it, has become Mr. It for the Cubs this season, at bat, in the field and, if you can get by his accent, in the clubhouse.

Then consider such starting pitchers as Ferguson Jenkins, 23, rookie Dick Nye, 22, and Ken Holtzman, 21. (You will have to consider Holtzman quickly. After winning five games without a loss this season, the left-hander marched off last weekend for six months of active duty with the Army.) In those three you have the nucleus of a staff that can go on terrifying batters for the next 10 years.

Now add Leo Durocher as the manager of all this and you know that whether it is really good or maybe not so good, it is not dull. It may come as a keen disappointment to those who love to hate Leo—those who joyfully collect and turn back on Durocher such pronouncements as "Nice guys finish last" (circa 1943) right on up to "The Cubs are no eighth-place team" (circa 1966)—but it is Leo who has gotten the Cubs off and racing in all directions.

When the news came in late 1965 that Durocher was to be their new leader, it

continued

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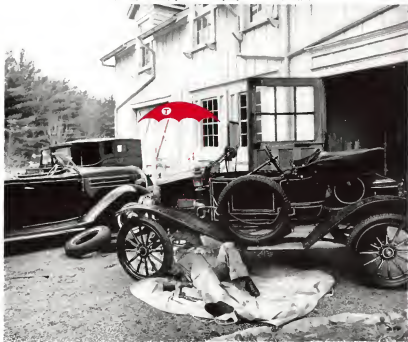
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BASEBALL *continued*

was received with terror by the Cubs, especially the young ones who had heard all those hair-raising stories of what happened when you did not come on like Willie Mays. It was a bum rap. Leo has nothing but fondness for the eccentric, the impetuous and the young. It is middle-aged indifference that drives him up walls. The Cubs were loaded with that when Leo took over. Then *crash*, down came an eighth-place dynasty. The halt and the lame and the bored were sent scurrying off to other teams, and their places were filled with raw youth. For half a season, it was disaster. There were all kinds of pitches, exactly wrong, thrown to just the wrong people. "We had a 3-and-0 count on Richie Allen," Hundley recalled. "Durocher was yelling, 'He's swinging,' so what does Allen get? Fast ball. Top of the roof."

Even more galling, the Cub outfielders had an instinct for throwing and missing the cutoff man—every time. "Then we had this drift," said Santo, "and if there was any doubt before about who to throw the ball to, there was none after. Absolutely none."

In fact, if the young Cubs could find a way of turning a perfectly routine play into something terribly weird, you could bet on it. But here is where Leo surprised everyone. If the mistake was made with zest, he was patient. That's right, skepticism, patient. "We were told what we did wrong," said Beckert, "and we knew it was killing him, but he never blasted us for it."

It was midseason before the Cubs fully understood Durocher's principle of perpetual audacity. "I bet Leo would have shelled out \$50 if Ernie Banks had gotten himself far enough off first to get himself picked off," said Santo. It was the safety-last approach. When in doubt, go, man, and the Cub who came bathing into third late but bloody was greeted at the bench with a handshake.

The one Cub who had the pure talent for that sort of thing was Adolfo Phillips, and the man least likely to do it was, right, Adolfo Phillips. Meandering was the best way to describe the young outfielder's approach to a fly ball, and when he did get to one it was even money he would kick it. Late in the season, when the Cubs had caught the zest of winning, such indifference had Phillips' teammates demonstrably hostile. In fact, after one such buschering of a routine fly ball, a teammate nearly choked him

continued

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BASEBALL continued

to death in the Chicago dugout one day.

"I don't know who did what to him before," said Durocher, "but he came to us one whipped dog." Perhaps it had started way back in 1961 when Phillips came to the U.S. from Panama armed with the following vocabulary: "chicken" and "macaroni." What he wanted most was a big, fat, juicy steak. What he got was chicken and macaroni—over and over and over.

Durocher knows talent when he sees it. The problem was how do you get it out of a lonely, bitter young man. Again, surprise. If anyone was fair game for a ranting, red-faced, explosive Leo Durocher, it was Adolfo Emilio Phillips. And what did he get? Patience. Tender, loving, ego-building patience. After the season, Durocher dispatched Phillips to the Arizona Instructional League where Cub Coach Pete Reiser, who was managing there, applied more of the same.

It worked. Oh my, how it worked. This spring Phillips greeted reporters by saying: "Last year I see my name with bad words after it. This year I make you write nice things." With that, he began playing as if a small, furry demon were dogging him every step of the way. It was tonic. What the Cubs have been yearning for for years is a center fielder who will bounce off walls if need be (Phillips has done it three times thus far), run the bases with carefree abandon (he has nine stolen bases in 10 attempts, including one of home, and he would have had another steal of home last Saturday except that the pitch was accidentally fouled off) and who will conduct a full-scale war against National League pitching (he drove in six of the 20 runs the Cubs scored in that exhilarating rout of the Los Angeles Dodgers last Saturday). And even on hitless days there is no sign of a pout.

No, sir, these are not the Cubs we used to know. Nowadays a thing like a three-game losing streak is a civic calamity, and that hasn't been the case in 20 years. What, a pennant? No, forget that, for now. The Cubs are young and strong and vigorous, but it is a long way up from dead last. When games are tight and Durocher needs a strapping relief pitcher, his only hope is Dial-a-Prayer. And you cannot lose your best left-handed pitcher for the season and expect to make a run for the pennant. Not even the defending-champion Dodgers can manage that.

END



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The fastest run in the West

While the public was eying the Preakness, some 3,000 miles away a million-dollar newcomer named Forli set a record in his U.S. debut

After Arthur (Bull) Hancock paid \$920,000 last December to purchase the Argentine champion Forli, he quickly made two wise moves. First, he syndicated the 4-year-old grandson of Hyperion for \$960,000 to people with adequate walking-around money, folks with names like Brady, Combs, duPont, Mellon and Phappys. Then he ordered his undefeated chestnut delivered to Trainer Charlie Whittingham, who this season leads all U.S. trainers in purse winnings.

When Hancock phoned his friend Whittingham to tell him the news about Forli he kiddingly added, "Charlie, take all the time you want with this colt, but if you get him beat it might be your job."

Last week Whittingham hung onto his job at Hollywood Park. After five months of taking his time with Forli, who had come to this country with a seven-for-seven record and a reputation as the finest Thoroughbred ever produced in Argentina (SI, May 1), Whittingham showed off his new million-dollar responsibility.

In his first North American start, at a mile and a sixteenth, Forli set a track record of 1:41½ over Hollywood's new turf course and won the \$20,000-added Coronado Stakes with ridiculous ease. Never once did he feel the touch of Jockey Bill Shoemaker's whip, and when it was all over the invader left the distinct impression that he may turn into the most exciting newcomer on our racing scene in many years.

Two dependable signs of a good horse are flawless running action and versatility. Forli possesses both. He is a big colt, and when he shifts into gear he moves with wonderful, long strides. "He stays close to the ground," says Whittingham. "A regular daisy-cutter." And he is certainly versatile. He is equally at home on dirt and on grass. Five of his seven races in Buenos Aires were over the deep, sandy strip at the Palermo track, where he once won a mile race by 18

lengths in the remarkable time of 1:33½. Nor does distance bother him. He has won from seven furlongs to a mile and seven-eighths.

At Hollywood Park, Whittingham proved that in five months he had taught Forli something that made him more versatile still. "In all seven of his races in Argentina he led every step of the way," Whittingham explained. "That's O.K. in South America, where the best horse can jump out and run away from the other contenders, who usually like to take back early in a race. But in this country you nearly always have real speed right from the gate, and seldom does that speed last to get the moony. I had to teach Forli to rate behind horses and save a real kick for the finish."

On race day it was 98° at Hollywood Park, and Forli, like most of the 29,297 spectators on hand, was in a sweat. In the saddling enclosure he acted up, kicked a bit and looked as if he would like to throw Shoemaker into one of the infield lakes. Only Whittingham seemed unconcerned. "He's kicking because he's a ticklish devil when you put the saddle on him. If he's sweating it's because he's hot, like the rest of us."

Shoemaker's orders were to "ease him back and don't rush him." At the break, Forli wanted to do what came naturally, but Shoemaker took a tight hold and let others set the pace. As they went by the stands, Forli, for the first time in his career, had some rivals in front of him. It must have piqued his competitive spirit, for midway up the backstretch he lowered his long neck, poked out his head as though searching for daises in the new grass, and moved out. It was all over, except for the noise of the crowd gasping its admiration.

"When you come to think of it," said Whittingham later, "it wasn't a bad show. The sucker never even drew a deep breath today. There's no telling how good he could be."

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The World Championship: just color it Blue

On the eve of the world-title matches in Miami there is a temptation to look for an upset, but the results of a practice session in Cannes suggest that Italy's formidable Blue Team is not about to be beached

I was prepared not so long ago to make a rash move and predict that somebody would beat the Italian Blue Team in the World Championship that is beginning this week in Miami Beach. If the victor was not to be North America—and we have not been able to win for more than a decade with teams that were perhaps the equal of our present one—I wondered if the French team, which was good enough to win the European Championship last year, might not catch the Italians feeling jaded and surprise them.

But all that was before the old Blues repaired to Cannes last month to bask in the sun and practice for a few days against two French teams. One of these was made up of young French stars, whom the Italians, not surprisingly, crushed. The other was composed of the finest pair France has to offer, Pierre Jais and Roger Trézel, and George Thérion and Gérard Desrousseaux, who are an experienced tournament partnership. The Italians treated them just as they had the youngsters, winning an 80-board match hands down.

Spectators could find little fault with the Blue Team's bidding or play, but the Italians are their own sternest critics and during the day in Cannes they could be found at poolside hard at work analyzing the results of the previous evening's session. One of the deals that came in for extensive discussion was this one from the match against the young French experts. Giorgio Belladonna figured as both the goat and the hero of the hand—but before reading on, decide whether you would rather be declarer at a contract of five clubs or defend against it. And then prepare to follow closely.

Because of the Italian bidding system, Walter Avarelli could not open the North hand with one club, which would have been conventional. And Belladonna did not double three diamonds, be-

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
 ♠ A J 10 7
 ♥ K 10 3
 ♦ 8
 ♣ Q J 10 5 3

WEST
 ♠ h 9 3
 ♥ Q 8
 ♦ 7 6 4 2
 ♣ 3 8 4 2

SOUTH
 ♠ 6 5
 ♥ A 5 4
 ♦ Q J 10 5
 ♣ A K 7 6

NORTH
(Avarelli)

1 ♣
 3 ♣
 3 ♠
 4 ♠
 PASS

PASS
 Double
 PASS
 PASS
 PASS

SOUTH
(Belladonna)

2 ♣
 3 ♣
 3 N T
 5 ♣
 PASS

PASS
 3 ♣
 4 ♠
 PASS

Opening lead: queen of hearts

cause he felt that Avarelli would take him out of the double anyway. So he bid three no trump, which would have been easy to make. But Avarelli, feeling that this was too dangerous in view of his meager diamonds, returned to clubs, and Belladonna carried on to game.

Belladonna won the first trick with the ace of hearts and lost a spade finesse to East's queen. East cashed the king of diamonds and exited with a spade to the king and ace. Belladonna crossed to his hand with a high trump, ruffed a diamond on the table and discarded a heart on the high spade. But only 10 tricks could now be made because West held all four trumps.

The next morning at poolside the Italians reconsidered the hand. "You went wrong at the first trick," Benito Garozzo told Belladonna. "Win the first trick with dummy's heart king and lead a diamond. When East wins, any red suit return gives away a trick so East must lead a spade, and the king loses to dummy's ace. Now put East back on lead with the spade queen and his best return is an-

other spade. You pitch a heart, come to the ace of hearts, ruff a diamond, ruff a spade with a high trump and ruff another diamond on the table. You can ruff dummy's last heart high and dummy has three top trumps for the rest."

"Allow me to be East," said Belladonna. "I win the second trick with the king of diamonds and I lead the jack of hearts!" Now South cannot afford to give up a spade trick to East because a heart return would allow West to score the setting trick via a ruff.

"But," continued Belladonna, "for a small wager I shall consent to be declarer, and this time I won't go down." Nobody took Belladonna up on that one, and wisely, for he pointed out the following line of play:

Win the heart opening in dummy, cross to the trump king and lose a spade finesse to the queen. East returns a spade and dummy leads a diamond to East's king. East's best exit is another spade and South makes the unexpected play—a ruff. Now he runs all the trumps and ends up with the good spade and two hearts in dummy and the ace and 5 of hearts and queen of diamonds in his hand. South leads the good spade and East has to let go of the high diamond or unguard the hearts. After a slight pause for effect, Belladonna continued. "Of course, if East returns a low heart after winning the queen of spades, I win with dummy's 10, come to my hand with the ace of clubs for a second spade finesse, ruff a spade and make my contract. And the return of the jack of hearts similarly presents no problem."

It was a brilliant analysis, and I am afraid that the poolside conversation in Miami Beach will have the same flavor—just more variations on Italian coups. The Blue Team has won eight straight world championships, and now it looks better than ever.

END



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500-MILE JOURNEY INTO AN ARTIST'S EYE

At his Indianapolis 500 baptism last year the artist Bob Stanley crouched down near the first turn, cocked a look at the onrushing cars—and just missed getting his head taken off by a flying wheel. He returned to his Manhattan loft, still shaken, to paint the powerful scenes on our cover and the following pages. Stanley sees the 500 in hot and cold colors, which is the abstract expressionist in him, and in great swirls of motion, which is the Indy in everybody. His portfolio includes an eyeful of Jimmy Clark and Lloyd Ruby in battle on the opposite page; the fearful mechanical splatter of the first-lap smashup he survived, and glimpses of the means by which drivers and pit men communicate. After the paintings comes another personal—and poetic—assessment of the 500.









THE SHEARS OF FATE, THE LOOM OF LIFE

BY BOB CROZIER, S.J.

What is an Indianapolis 500 fan? Many quick-rip columnist see him as a morbid thrill-seeker, although none has bothered to consult the fan himself. In this article one spectator attempts to explain the feeling he has about Indianapolis. The writer is a Jesuit priest and assistant professor of English at Milwaukee's Marquette University. Growing up in Omaha, he knew the Indy cars and drivers by newspaper news cut. His in-person affliction began in 1964, when he traveled to the race with "a bunch of college kids who had a claim on a certain section of Indy near the second turn."

Catch a falling car dropping off the second turn at Indy. You are at the head of the backstretch, at track level, just 25 feet from the wall. Picking up power not only from the engine but from the very tension of its drifting arc, the car is now poised for the absolute expression of its potential. The 32,000 to 40,000 explosions per minute that propel this fragile force register upon the car in a torrent of sound, echoed and re-echoed by the trembling response of the earth beneath your feet.

The driver is suspended rigidly within his cocoon in a semifeetal position, and his emerging head and shoulders, framed by the roll bar, pass stiffly before your eyes like a star dwindling into the expanding universe of the open straight. Nowhere can the senses of man be exposed to a greater sensation of speed or know the strange authority of human self-control revealed at the very heart of movement.

A northeast wind is carrying a taffy mix of clouds clockwise awhirl the backstretch as viewed from L stand outside the third turn. A blade of sunlight drops angularly across the near end of the backstretch and scrapes swiftly, silently toward the second turn. The vast and wooded park of Indy stretches away, lulling the eye with pastoral suggestion, though strangely and invisibly ringed at the moment by a distance-muffled thunder, like the thunder that playfully chases the lightning on a summer evening.

In the gray darkness of the distant turn two black points emerge and slip down the side of mazeland till the white wall catches them and guides them together out onto the level straight. A third point blobs into being just behind them and, as the straight opens up, positions itself alongside in a trio of cars that seems to take up all there is of the 50-foot strand. But a fourth pinpoint of darkness merges into the gray light, and swings into position on the web.

Threading down upon the wind, it completes the set for a country dance on a floor where three is truly a crowd.

Dark and ominous, they sweep toward us. The sunlight arrests them and transfigures them in a flash of color and beauty and then releases them for passage through the needle of No. 3. Only at the last instant, almost into the turn, does the inner car receive that final impetus that carries it a fraction of distance ahead, allowing the second car to fold over and cross on its tail. And the other two in tandem tuck in behind, coolly closing the shears of fate and threading once again the shuttle of life. An unforgettable moment of Indy like this happens so fast you have no time to identify the cars or remember the drivers who created it.

And then there is Jimmy Clark. In the exhilarating ozone of working rubber and blasted methanol—as characteristic of Indy as burnt leaves are of football—the explosive sound, the graceful motion and the constant scissor action of cars blending into the turns becomes routine at times. Rare is the screech of lurching rubber. The dance of the wheels with the wishbone suspensions goes on and on, drifting out again and again under surging power to dare the dark finger line one foot from the white outer wall. This gentle though powerful drift is alone permitted, for there is no end for a lurch or slip but the white wall itself. Then a car whips by, spewing a smoky vapor of oil from its crankcase, and behind it, coming into the third turn, are the red car and white wheels of Jimmy's Lotus-Ford.

Suddenly the impossible has happened. The red streak is now a bloody blur, a pinwheel unanchored and ready to skitter off into oblivion. And so it would be with almost anyone else but Jimmy.

The blur is not broadening and thinning out into nothingness as it should. It is tightening into a bright red point surrounded by a magically glowing circle of white. Within that pattern can be heard the high-revving thunder of a declutched engine and then the pitched cry of a newly engaged engine that catches the falling car and whips it forward again into the intelligible arc of speed. Not once but twice he does this, coming out once in reverse and once in forward speed, always coming out running. This is Jimmy Clark.

And this is Indy at the very essence of its rocketing terror and beauty. This is Indy triumphing over the elements and over the sluggish onslaught of human nature itself. This is Indy showing it can be done. For there are no real disappointments at Indy, not even after the debacle of a disastrous first lap. In racing at its best, disappointment is never

continued

admissible. Disappointment is a denial of the very faith of racing.

Indy is a cat-o-nine-tails and a cat with nine lives. Indy is different every year. It's even different any year, depending on how you go, who you go with and where you sit. This year, like last year and the year before, I'll be going with the Pitgrees, as seasoned a crew of spectators as you'll find on any road or track. Watchers need seasoning just as much as drivers do—all through a single season and through many consecutive seasons. It took as great a driver as Stirling Moss seven years to learn concentration in the cars. We Pitgrees know it takes just as long to learn concentration on the cars.

Next Tuesday's 51st Indianapolis 500 will start my fourth season "on it" and my third with the Pitgrees. At Indy in 1965 we didn't even know yet that we were the Pitgrees. We were just Judy, Jim, Terri and Father Crozier, students and prof down from Marquette U. in Milwaukee. We only found it out three weeks later after the Rex Mays Classic in Milwaukee and the June Sprints at Elkhart, Wis. We were on the way home from Elkhart, slugging down Route 57 south of Sheboygan. The lyrics of *Back Home Again in Indiana* were frustrating our nostalgic mood in their then half-forgotten incompleteness when Terri made some remark, which was lost on the wind, about pit grease. Everybody heard only the magic word, funny word, floating back: Pitgree, Pitgree, Pitgree. We laughed and laughed, and the funny word echoed through our laughter.

A bug had just flown in the window of the Pooge (Peugeot) and latched on to us. We named him. We called him Offy. Offy Pitgree. And the question started bouncing around the little gray car with the loose clutch, the question that echoes wherever we go. Are you on it, Offy? The Pitgrees were born. Known now as Jud, Iggy, Taari and Dev, you'll find them this summer in racing-green jackets, with "Offy" lettered on the back, wherever wheels are rolling in southeastern Wisconsin. And five hours south of that in Indiana, back home, you'll find them "on it" on Memorial Day at the Speedway.

Jud had seen her favorite, Rodger Ward, qualify in '64, but she had never seen the 500. Taari and Iggy were newcomers to Indy in 1965. The deceptive uneventfulness of their first 500 makes the memory of the ride back more graphic than the race itself. We were in two cars. They'll never forget the black Corvair and eggshell-blue Buick Special drifting west past Purdue out of Lafayette. Two demon sailors in from the fleet for engineering at Marquette were at the wheels. Hoping to escape the traffic jam, we stayed in Indianapolis after the race for dinner. That was a mistake. Three hours after the race we caught up with the end of the Chicago-bound line 20 miles south of Lafayette and 30 north of Indy. From that point it took two hours of steaming driving to make Lafayette. Many cars had set up camp along Interstate 65. We decided to head for the woods. Night caught us still head-

ing west after a steady and dizzying series of downshifts, drifts and power slides. We were 11 hours out of Indy when we finally met the dawn's early light in Milwaukee. Now we take off at the head of the parade right after the race.

My own interest in racing goes back one more year. In graduate studies in English at Loyola of Chicago, I had just finished a poem on a couple of young marrieds living in Marina City. It was based on Einstein's theory of relativity. That and a recent reading of Faulkner's *Pylon* and the air-racing stories that preceded it led me to think that racing was a largely untold and big subject for American writing: the microcosm and macrocosm of speed. I had just resolved to get to work on it when a bunch of Purdue, Northwestern, Loyola and Marquette undergrads gave me my first invitation to Indy. We spun down there the first time, three carloads of us, innocent and carefree. We came away chastened in a baptism of fire, for that was the year when Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald died.

My interest is broadening, going counterclockwise in time through the large and amazing variety of works in the literature of sport. The New Leisure, the mounds of living students throbbing from the whiplash of the information explosion, the chance for understanding rooted in what we love and comprehend only darkly: these are some of the circumstances that drive and guide and discipline my curiosity about play. You might call it a belief in or an appreciation of the tremendously human centrality of the supposedly frivolous or peripheral.

Very few Jesuits have an active interest in racing, but all Jesuits cross the starting line of active careers in a never-to-be-forgotten meditation on death. Perhaps that is why there is less incongruity than there might seem to be in the fact that Ricardo and Pedro Rodriguez began to acquire their famous driving skills in races supported by their Jesuit schoolmasters in Mexico City. Two Mexican Jesuits, one the well-known educational psychologist Jaime Castillejo, have died at the wheel of true sports cars. An American Jesuit of my acquaintance used to tool a competition Jaguar over the airport track near Kansas City, but he never ran in the races. Yet few Jesuits at Marquette could name any of the students who are active participants as drivers, mechanics or navigators in sports car, rally or drag-racing teams. Nor has any Jesuit college taken up the challenge, admittedly half facetious, issued recently by Rodger Ward to the colleges to offer driving scholarships. Imagine the Marquette Racing Team at Indy, cosponsored by Marquette University and the Marquette Corporation and coached by Rodger Ward!

The question is asked: How can a priest involve himself in racing? The answer can never be simple. But as a try I would say the Church has entered a period of exploration; it has accepted uncertainty as part of the very nature of its pulse and heartbeat. It is seeking to reestablish contact with the people and the reality of a world more com-

plex than it ever dreamed of. The priest, as a result, becomes more human, less narrowly defined, democratic rather than aristocratic, personal rather than officious.

I think that Lorca's successful defense of the bullfight applies with equal force to motor sports: "Where else in the world amid such dazzling splendor and beauty can man contemplate death?" Montaigne started off saying that to philosophize is to learn how to die. Later, after closer association with the people, he rephrased the idea, saying then that to philosophize is to learn how to live. The sport of motor racing is open to both approaches, and no SPCA is ever likely to organize for the prevention of cruelty to the machine.

The letters of Paul to the churches are written against a background of racing. Their grasp of life, molded in part by the foot racing, horse racing and chariot racing of his time, will be further illuminated by the machine racing of our time for those who can see the machine not as a cold, impersonal menace, but as a supple extension of man. Motor racing has, in fact, become the symbolic and ritual enactment of the harmony of man and machine in industrial civilization. The people know this in their own dark wisdom; the poet and the priest do not. It is only natural for one who aspires to be both, guessing this, that he should go to Indy. He goes united in spirit, strangely enough, with Pascal, that ancient competitor with his religious order but early discernor of the new freedom of a scientific and industrial age, who said "They indeed honor nature who teach her that she can speak of all things, even of theology."

The catch is that you can't just go to Indy. If you haven't gone to the modified stock races and the drag ways and the late-model stock races, to the strips, the tracks and the road circuits in your own neck of the woods, you'll never move to Indy. Even if you go, you'll never really see it. Indy is the beginning and the end, the top of the mountain for every American racer. This goes for the road racers, too. The beefy appearance of their cars and the pavement-pounding sound of their engines put them in the Indy tradition. In fact, Chaparral 1 was tried out at Indy in late 1965 and turned an amazing 164-mph lap. Now even the Grand Prix engines in Britain and Japan are being designed with an Indy modification in mind. Every little American track, driver and fan is magnified by the existence and aspiration of Indy. Outside Wilmot, Wis., a little town in the southeastern part of the state that could almost be contained in the infield of either its quarter-mile dirt track or its arrow-shaped one-mile road course, there is a sign establishing the pervasiveness of the Indy ethos: WILMOT—THE INDIANAPOLIS OF WISCONSIN.

You've got to know something about the dreams of a little driver like Pedro Roehl, King of Hales Corners, a dirt track for modified stocks and midgits on the outskirts of Milwaukee, one of five tracks run nightly from early May

to early October by a very tough league of chargers. By day, Pedro is a furnace expert working and living in Lake Mills, about 50 miles west of Milwaukee. At night, four nights a week, he drives Mod No. 2 for two young owners. On Fridays he is in the midgits formerly driven by Gary Congdon, who moved up to Indy in 1966. His blue-and-cream Corvette-powered Mod looks like the Toonerville Trolley, but it travels like a jet truck when Pedro's holding it tight on the corners. This will be his 12th year on the circuit. It took him nine years to become a charger, that is, a consistent winner and a moneymaker. Now, at 34, he still dreams of stepping up to the late-model bracket. He won't make it, he knows it's too late. But it's guys like Pedro and his driving buddy, Fuzzy Fassbender, and their car hauler, big Bob Imers, who make up the proud and beautiful base of Indy. The Pitgrees count them all as friends, and we know Indy better for knowing the bedrock in which it is so firmly anchored.

To really see Indy it helps to have followed another local like Augie Pabst, one of the "big boys," a driver of the 200-mph sports racing machines. He retired from international sports car racing in 1966 at the age of 32. You'll rarely see a smoother driver than Augie, whose style could be compared with Don Gurney's. When his cars held together—and cars in that class are very temperamental—he was always in front of the pack. No matter how snazzy his outfit looked, drawing straight stares from men and rapturous cries from women, Augie was no dandy in a tight turn. No wasted motion, no throttle nerves, no jagged skids blurred the arc and rhythm of his line.

He was champ of the USAC road circuit in 1959. In 1962 he was asked to drive at Indy—he had already driven Le Mans. He went down there and took a look at the track. It was a very long look. He walked around the whole track once. That was enough. Every time he began to walk into one of the four turns his knees, as he tells it, began to shake. The low wall ahead loomed higher and whiter than Mt. Everest. The master turner knew his limit, the turns of Indy were not for him.

Now, how can you really understand Indy if you don't know things like that? Remember, Augie was no sissy. He had driven with the best in the world. The last few years of his career he drove almost one-handed and without insurance after a smash-up at Riverside. And Indy's slowest driver has stepped beyond that line.

The Pitgrees don't go to Indy for the crashes. Maybe meeting and talking with the drivers after the races at State Fair Park in Milwaukee, the oldest (1903) track in the country, has something to do with it. The girls do worry about it occasionally, but the crashes are accepted. Risk is a part of life. It is even something to be joked about. The Meihoff Racing Team comes to the tracks around Milwaukee in a gaudy yellow hearse, and its members wear yellow T shirts and jackets ornamented with broad black tread marks down the back.

continued

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INDIANAPOLIS *continued*

asked me to drive his baby home, and even then he didn't think I'd make it with that sticky car. I had impressed him when I left Indianapolis smoothly and without stalling, double-clutching in the downshifts. He didn't know it, and I am not exactly the compleat stickman, but my Jesuit training included stints of bus and big-truck driving in the Colorado mountains, which have made me sensitive to the music of the shift. Even though I was fairly smooth going up and down the scale, he did almost drop his heart like a valve once when I wavered over the red line. Later I learned that my biggest error was in letting the revs drop too low between gears, a fault I am learning to correct. At the time, though, the fault that brought the flaming sword to this little Paradise was committed at the last toll-gate before O'Hare. I killed the engine. To start that hot, high-compression engine again we had to get out and push. My ego was pushed out of Paradise and happily restored in the music of Pitgreer laughter.

We won't be breaking any speed laws next week, but we will be sitting on the starting line across from the south infield gate at 4:50 a.m. E.S.T., just 10 minutes before the gates swing open into the Speedway to start the first race into the infield. We always like to watch that, even though we won't be going in. Then we'll rumble off to our secret parking place and have a fortifying steak breakfast before ambling out onto the track.

Going to Indy and all the little Indys is a voyage like Columbus' for the Pitgrees. The classroom seat is not big enough and is too static for our contemporary young scholars. The Pitgrees know that all of America, like a racer at Indy, is still riding on the seat of its pants, still trying to get the touch, the feel of things. That feel can be ironed out of a car, but no driver will ever let the engineers do it. That is why the Pitgrees are learning to ride on the seat of their pants. They can feel the wheels and are beginning to learn to tell just how much rubber they're running on and how many pit stops it's going to take to make it.

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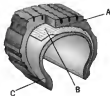
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It was obvious that BOSTON (3-4) was floundering. Manager Grady Hatton had a 45-minute talk with his players. Rusty Staub and Ron Davis were special rubber-spoked shoes when playing the tricky Astrodom outfield. A caller trying to reach two club officials was told by the switchboard operator, "Sorry, we're having a marathon prayer session." None of these extracurricular devices, though, could extricate the Astros from last place. There was a more overt reaction to adversity at LOS ANGELES (4-3). Even Walt Aiton, that Clark Kent among managers, got sturred up enough about his bumbling players to say that he might have to "kick 'em in the pants." General Manager Buzzie Bavasi angrily said, "This club is giving only 85%. There isn't a thing in the world Wes Parker can't do—if he puts his mind to it. His problem is one of concentration, and I think the same goes for Ron Fairly." Parker hit a homer the next day. Fairly had one two games later and the Dodgers began winning. NEW YORK (0-5) pitchers gave up a game-winning homer on the final pitch of one game (to Joe Torre of the Braves) and then another home run on the very first pitch of the following game (to Lou Brock of the Cardinals). Roberto Clemente of PITTSBURGH (2-5), who edged his batting average over .400, hit three homers and had seven RBIs in one game, yet the Pirates lost it to the Reds 8-7. CINCINNATI (5-2) won again the next day when, with the bases loaded, the Pirates committed a passed ball on what should have been an inning-ending strikeout, then added a wild pitch and an error to give the Reds three runs. Everything the first-place Reds tried worked. Gerry Arrigo, who earlier in the year pitched a one-hitter, was used in relief last week and won twice. Tony Perez took

over at third base for the injured Deron Johnson and lifted his batting average over .300. CHICAGO (3-4) has a youth movement (page 64), but 36-year-old Ernie Banks, the man that Manager Leo Durocher last season said would have to be replaced, hit his sixth and seventh home runs of the year. ATLANTA (4-2) got eight home runs (three by Hank Aaron), and fine relief work by Jay Ritchie and Phil Niekro. JOHN MARCHAL of SAN FRANCISCO (4-3) won his sixth and seventh games in a row, after losing his first three starts. Jim Bunning of PHILADELPHIA (2-4) stopped the Reds with a three-hitter. Then Reliever Dick Hall pitched six scoreless innings, and Don Low came through with a game-winning single for a 2-1, 18-inning victory. ST. LOUIS (5-0) clambered into second place with late-inning wins on clutch hits by Tim McCarver, Mike Shannon and Orlando Cepeda.

Standings: Cin 26-27, StL 20-15, PH 18-16, Ch 18-15, AtL 18-15, SF 18-17, Phil 15-18, LA 14-20, NY 10-25, Bos 11-25

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CHICAGO (2-3) Manager Eddie Stanky was lavish in his praise of KANSAS CITY (4-2) Manager Alvin Dark. Stanky spoke of Dark's "deep knowledge of the game," of his "courage when it comes to strategy," of his "great talent as an instructor" and of his "great patience." Then their teams met, for the first time this season, in a three-game series. Before it was over Stanky and one of his pitchers were thrown out of a game for alleged beanball tactics, and Dark had sand applied to the base path between first and second to slow down the swift White Sox base runners (the umpires refused to let the game begin until the area had been repaired). When asked how two such fine friends and former teammates (on the pen-

nant-winning New York Giants of 1951) as he and Stanky could resort to such maneuvers, Dark replied, "Friendships are forgotten when the game begins." Dark and his Athletics won the first round by winning two out of three games from the White Sox. Five home runs in five games by Willie Horton of DETROIT (4-2) kept the Tigers near the league lead. BALTIMORE (4-1) finally showed its muscle, slugging 13 home runs—seven of them in one game, four of them in one inning. BOSTON (2-3) Manager Dick Williams had no sooner returned from warning Reliever John Wyatt, "This guy's a first-pitch batter," than Paul Blair hit a homer on the first pitch, to give the Orioles a win. The Red Sox beat CLEVELAND (2-3) with ninth-inning rallies, and in between the Indians beat the Red Sox on Chuck Hinton's 10th-inning homer. Mickey Mantle of new YORK (2-4) hit five homers in six games, but the Yankees plummeted into the second division. Dean Chance of MINNESOTA (4-1) ended the White Sox's 10-game winning streak with a five-hit, 1-0 victory and later won his seventh in a row by beating the Angels. Jim Kant, a 25-game winner a year ago, lost for the fifth time and was sent to the bullpen. A three-hit shutout by Pete Richert brightened WASHINGTON (2-3) Manager Gil Hodges' outlook, which then was darkened by news that as many as four of his players—including Richert—may soon be wearing khaki. Someone sent red-white-and-blue shorts to the CALIFORNIA (1-5) players and staff, and when they wore them they won their first game in a week. Sae Manager Bill Rigney, "I don't know if they helped, but I'm not taking mine off." The Angels lost their next three.

Standings: Ch 20-16, Det 21-13, KC 17-16, Bos 15-17, Min 15-18, Bal 15-18, Cal 14-17, NY 14-17, Wash 14-18, Cle 14-22

HIGHLIGHT

For the first five weeks of the season umpires went about their work almost without incident, but last week the tranquility ended. Within three days six managers and three players were thrown out of games by exasperated umpires. The most explosive incident took place at Houston's Astrodom, caused by a horizontal orange-and-yellow line on the left-field wall. A ball that hit below the line is in play, if it hits above it, it is a home run. When Umpire Shag Crawford ruled that a drive by Jim Wynn of the Astros had hit above the line and was therefore a homer the umpire heard a Giant player shout from the dugout, "You mouthed!" Crawford immediately tossed Otis Brown of the Giants out of the game. "Brown didn't say anything," roared Manager Herman Franks, barreling onto the field to

argue (after the game Pitcher Gaylord Perry said he was the one who had yelled at Crawford). In the ensuing argument Franks bumped Crawford with his arm on Crawford's neck and put his hands on the umpire's shoulders. Crawford angrily ordered Franks out of the game (right) and showed him with both hands. Later, after reading Crawford's account of the incident, National League President Warren Giles fined Franks \$100 but, because of "Crawford's participation in the fracas," did not suspend him. Crawford admitted, "I told Giles the things I did that I shouldn't have done." Franks, deeply impressed by Crawford's obviously honest and detailed report to the league president, said to a mutual friend, "Tell Shag that I admire him very much for telling the whole truth." Commented Doug Harvey, another umpire, "That's what it means to be an umpire. You have to be honest even when it hurts."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BURNS—Light Heavyweight Champion DICK TIGER of Nagreg retained his world crown in Madison Square Garden when he gained a victory over favored Jack Terry. The fight was followed by a 20-minute barrage of fights from the balcony—the third row in 21 points at lights held in the Garden.

World Lightweight Champion CURTIS COKES of Dallas successfully defended his title with a TKO over Francis Pavla in the 10th round of a scheduled 15-rounder in Dallas.

GALIC FOOTBALL—The NEW YORK ALL-STARs defeated their opponents from County Galway, Ireland 14-9, 15-10 in the eighth National League championship—the inaugural World Series of Gaelic football—in New York City.

GOLF—The U.S. defeated Britain 17-7 to retain the Walker Cup in Sandwich, England (page 76).
DAVE STOCKTON of San Bernardino, Calif. shot a 54-hole record 71 for a 12-hole total of 278 to win the \$115,000 Colonial National Invitation Tournament in Fort Worth by two strokes over Charles Coody of Fort Worth. Remarkable Ben Hogan, 54 finished third, one stroke farther back.

HARNESS RACING—ROMEO HANOVER (52:26), among its record five Hanover at Barton Horse of the Year, gained his 10th straight win and his 12nd in 16 starts when George Shofor drove him to a fourth victory over Helen Ford in the \$110,000 \$91,600 Restriction Pace at Roosevelt Racetrack.

HORSE RACING—With Willie Shoemaker up, DAMASCUS (53:60), Mrs. Edith W. Bancroft's Kentucky gelding, captured the 10th \$100,000 2½-mile-long victory over in Realty in the 117th \$100,000 Preakness at Pimlico—the second leg in the Triple Crown for the 3-year-olds.
Argentina's unbeaten champion FOLEY (53:46), with Willie Shoemaker aboard, made his North American debut as winners as he raced to an easy three-length victory over Arkonus in the \$30,000 Colorado Stakes at Hollywood Park (page 76). He time of 1:41½ for the 11 1/2-mile turf chase broke the track record by 1/2 second.

LACROSSE—THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND broke the national title into a share with St. Mary's John Hopkins and Maryland when the Terriers defeated unbeaten Johns Hopkins 9-3 in College Park, Md.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARK DONOHUE of Silver Brook, N.Y. drove his Lola Chevrolet to an easy fourth-place victory over Maurel Gregory for the Van-

dorbis Cup—the 700-mile U.S. road-racing championship—in Indianapolis, N.Y.

The 10th race out of 11 in the Indy 500 starting line went to GURHAM HILL (at 55.313 mph), the 1966 winner.

SOCCER—NFLS THE PITTSBURGH PHANTOMS (18) won two in a row, to clinch their winning record to four games and their Eastern Division lead to 20 points. In a 2-0 win over New York, Conn. Ginet booted in two goals and had two assists, while in a 1-1 victory over Chicago, Ronnie Coates began the scoring rally in the league to score the last kick. The BALTIMORE BAYS, who beat Philadelphia 3-2, and the ATLANTA CHIEFS, who won New York 2-1, went into the second round with 18 points apiece, while the PHILADELPHIA SPARTANS (15 points) were fourth and the NEW YORK GENERALS (10) last. In the Western Division the ST. LOUIS STARS (19) held first place by seven points after a scoreless tie with Toronto. In the last tie for second the LOS ANGELES CLIPPERS (15) moved ahead of the CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS (14) by beating them 2-0. The fourth-place CHICAGO SPURS (10) lost one and left the Toronto 1-1, while the last-place TORONTO FALCONS (7) lost one.

TENNIS—The Australians dominated the Italian championships in Rome as LESLEY TURNER completed a rare triple by taking the women's singles from Brazil's Maria Bueno 6-3, 6-4—and then teamed with Rosemary Casals in San Francisco for the doubles title and with Bill Bowrey, of Australia for the mixed doubles. In the men's event, Anne MARTY MULLEIGH again up-ended Tony Roche, also of Australia, 6-3, 9-6, 6-4, 6-1 for his last triple titles.

TRAIN & SAIL—Joe Joan's TOMMIE SMITH raced to two world records in his last collegiate home appearance at Southern Pines in the outstanding men's mile last night by finishing in the 4:00 net dash and was clocked in 44.8, breaking Adolph Plummer's 1961 mark by 1 second. Along the way Smith set his Davis 400-meter record, in 1960, by 4 seconds with a 44.5 (page 77).

IOWA scored in 12 of 18 events to win its second Big Ten outdoor championship, sporting runner-up Nicholas Sisto 27½ points to 49 as the Hawkeyes' one-half mile race to a meet record 1:08.1 in Iowa City. In another big upset GREGGON finished one, two, three in both the mile and half mile and placed first in two other events to add up 82½ points to runner-up Southern California's 100, while favored UCL A made its debut with 17 in the Pacific Eight Conference meet in Eugene, Ore. At the Big Eight championships in Norman, Okla. Nebraska's CHARLIE GREENE broke his own mile record in the 2:30.

took the 100 and ran legs on the winning 440 and mile-relay teams to gain the Scholastic Award for an unprecedented third straight time.

MISPOSS—SIGNED By the Minnesota Muskies of the new American Basketball League, the St. Louis Hawks LOU HUDSON, 27, who led the team with an 18.4-point average in a rookie first season. Also hired was from the NBA was WELBY HIGHTOWER, 27, of the Detroit Pistons.

SIGNED—A three-year contract as general manager and coach of the American Basketball League's Oakland Raiders. BRUCE HALE, 49, who resigned as head basketball coach at Miami University after 12 seasons (1951-1961). Named to succeed Hale was one of his former players, RON GODFREY, 28.

TRADED In a last-minute deal before NHL owners were to meet for the draft, Boston Bruins high-scoring center MURRY GILBERT, 29, for Los Angeles Maple Leaf left wing EDDIE SHACK. The deal delays on a short-term trade deadline, the Bruins acquired Chicago Black Hawks center Phil Esposito, 25, forward KEN HODGE, 27, and forward FRED STANFELD, 23, for Detroit's own GILLES MAROTTE, 21, forward HUBERT (Pat) MARTIN, 23, and center Roger Gault. JACK NORRIS, 24.

RESIGNED ALVIN L. WEL, 38, president of Roosevelt Raceway since 1961. Mr. Wel was replaced by the track's chairman of the board, George H. Johnson, Jr., who had been president since 1961. Robert G. Johnson, had founded the raceway in 1940.

RETIRED KEN CHURCH, 37, of Arcadia, Calif., after 12½ years in the 102 years as one of the nation's leading jockeys for nearly 30 years.

RETIRED HAROLD BRADLEY, 35, head basketball coach at the University of Texas, who in eight years had won longest tenure for a basketball coach in the school's history (he had been on three conference championships and an overall record of 225 wins, 71 losses). Named to succeed Bradley was LEON BLACK, 35, Bradley's assistant for the past three seasons.

DIED DAN PARKER, 51, sports editor and columnist for the New York Daily Mirror from 1926 until the paper was discontinued in 1967, of cancer, in New York. Called "the most consistently brilliant of all sportsmen," he had written more than 100,000 words and a lot of headlines—the latter from cranks and corruptors of sport, who suffered his unrelenting dissection. Kindly and unassuming in person, he was a tiger at the typewriter.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

INSIDE OUT

Sirs:

Congratulations to Buzzie Bavasi and Jack Olsen (*The Dodger Story*, May 13 *et seq.*) I am not truthfully a Dodger fan, but for once someone has written an article about the inside life of a sports star. I am really looking forward to reading the rest. So keep them coming.

ANTHONY DI RISTA

New York City

Sirs:

Contrary to published reports, Sandy Koufax quit baseball because of a pain, not in his arm but in his neck. It was given to him by Buzzie Bavasi, who combines with Walter D'Malley to form one of the least admirable success stories baseball has ever known.

MIKE BLOCK

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I enjoyed the first part of your series on Buzzie Bavasi, though I thought Buzzie's reasoning a good deal less than sparkling at times. For example, Buzzie doubts that Sandy Koufax himself attracted additional fans. Rather he says it was 1) the crucial games in which the Dodgers used him that drew more fans, and 2) the other teams often pitted their best pitchers against Koufax, thus attracting attendance.

First of all, Buzzie should know that Sandy pitched every fourth day regardless of whether the Dodgers were playing the Mets or the Giants. Secondly, the other teams, if anything, tried to throw their ace pitchers against Sutton, Drysdale or Oates to insure against a sweep of a three-game series, which could result if Koufax downed Banning, Marshall, Maloney or Veale in the first game.

Bavasi's analysis is not only illogical, but I know from experience that it is wrong. Last September 3, a Saturday night, 26,888 people turned out to see the seventh-place Reds, with Joe Nuxhall pitching, face Sandy Koufax. (The next day 18,670 turned out to see Don Drysdale pitch against the Red's Sammy Ellis.) This game with the Reds was obviously not crucial, and it is equally clear that the Reds did not throw their best pitcher against Koufax. The extra 8,218 people were there for one reason: to see the greatest pitcher of all time.

At \$125,000 a year I would say that Koufax was grossly underpaid. For what he did for the Dodgers, they should have given him the franchise.

GILBERT E. GRIDEA

Chicago

VIVA VASSARI!

Sirs:

My roommate and I read with interest the weekly issues of *SI*. However, we especially enjoyed the issue of May 15 and the article about Giacomo Agostini (*Viva! But Hide Your Women!*), who was previously unknown to us. We are "hidden women," more by circumstance than by choice. Stranded in upstate New York, amid the cold, rainy weather, with only the prospect of comprehensive exams to brighten our outlook, we were greatly cheered by Agostini's smiling face. We would like to obtain two pictures of this chipper fellow. They would do wonders for our morale.

TIRRELL BARBORI

STEPHANIE ANTHONY

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tonight, while studying for my departmental exams, I received a phone call from a Vassar girl I've been dating for over a year. She tactfully informed me that she had just written you to request not one but two pictures of Giacomo Agostini to cheer her through study week. She has the enclosed picture of me but is obviously unimpressed. The "lambent grin" is missing, but I had salt water in my eye.



But to get to the point, I now need some cheering and would be delighted to hear from any girl who might be interested in running a fingertip over my admittedly less magnificent mug.

STEVE GRAHAM

New Haven

Sirs:

What a thrilling account Bob Ottum put together on the ridiculous, romantic, rewarding life of Giacomo Agostini and his motorcycle magnificence.

From one who knows absolutely nothing of the sport (other than the image of menace and terror motorcycleists have created in this country) to a young man who knows the true meaning of daring, goes all my admiration and respect.

BRYAN CONROY

Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

Sirs:

Concerning Bob Ottum's view of motorcycling in the U.S.: "We know all about riders in the U.S., and you can have most of them." Never during my association with your magazine have I read a more biased and flagrantly unfair opinion. I question whether his opinion reflects that of *SI*. Perhaps Mr. Ottum spoke hastily, being unacquainted with the actual state of motorcycling today. In that case I can forgive his ignorance.

JAMES J. SCHWARZWALDER

Collingwood, N.J.

Sirs:

Congratulations! I had just about given up hope on an article about European GP racing. You are 100% correct in saying that the Americans don't know what it is all about. To prove the point further just look at the type of motorcycle racing that is televised in the U.S. Greasy, boring and unimaginative, that about sums up the dirt-track racing in America. How I long for a Brands Hatch or an Isle of Man here in the U.S. That picture of Agostini leaning over his machine, his finger lightly feathering the clutch, is a road-racing enthusiast's delight.

WILLIAM B. GRIMMEL

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

READING FRANK

Sirs:

I watched via TV the final holes of the Houston Champions International golf tournament on May 7. The Frank Beard-Arnold Palmer match was exciting and unforgettable. Arnie bogeyed a hole, and Frank had a chance at a birdie, but when he put missed, members of Arnie's Army cheered. I'm sure Arnie, being the great sportsman that he is, was upset by this unbelievable display of poor sportsmanship.

I've been in Arnie's Army, and there is a real spirit in that group. But it should never sink to the level of cheering when his opponent's putts fail to drop. After all, the gallery

continued

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after anything! Brut.

18TH HOLE *continued*

was rather quiet at the Olympic Club on June 19, 1966. I know. I was there, and I was quiet, too.

In the tournament at Houston, Arnie didn't lose. Frank Beard won. I was sorry Arnie didn't win, but any golfer who can sink an 18-foot birdie putt worth \$9,200 on the final hole deserves our respect and acclamation. Some of us chose on a 10-inch putt worth a dime. Right?

REV. ALBERT S. Hidy Jr.

San Francisco

NO SUPERSTAR

Sirs:

I've heard so much about how the Yankee fans mistreated Roger Maris that I thought someone should come to their defense. I think Maris is a good player. But he is not a superstar, and that's where the trouble started.

After Maris had his ultrafantastic year in 1961, the fans thought they had another superstar. Even though few people expected Maris to hit more than 60 home runs in 1962, almost everyone thought that 40 was well within his reach. When he was injured, they still expected almost as many homers, if not in '62, then at least in '63. You see, Yankee fans are used to superstars, like Mantle, being injured but still coming back with great years. When Maris failed to do this, the fans felt cheated—or perhaps disillusioned is the word. That's when and why they got on Maris.

This isn't an excuse for Maris being booed; he didn't do anything to deserve it. This is just the reason it happened.

R. E. JACKSON

The Bronx, N.Y.

INSTANT STARY

Sirs:

Your first two paragraphs on Bill Bradley, "Anonymous Knick" (SCORECARD, May 8), were just fine. But when you put in that silly comment about Cazzie Russell you were pushing your luck. Give Cazzie a chance. He averages in double figures (not bad for a rookie). Jerry West only averaged 17.6 as a rookie.

DAVID ESQUITH

New York City

Sirs:

By posing the questions, "Can he [Bradley] become the instant star everyone expects him to be? Or will he be another Cazzie Russell?" you indicate only two poles of success: either he stars instantly or he flops like Cazzie Russell.

But perhaps you have chosen the wrong player for comparison; Cazzie Russell, while no instant star, will probably soon become one.

CHARLES SCHMIDT

Cleveland

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Twice in a Row It Was Three Men at a Clip

There have been only seven unassisted triple plays in the history of big league baseball. The last two were made on successive days 40 years ago, over the Memorial Day weekend by CARL LUNDQUIST

When was the last time you saw an unassisted triple play in a major league ball park? When was the last time you saw two of them on successive days? You'll have to be in comfortable middle age to answer either question, for it has been 40 years since Johnny Neun of the Detroit Tigers, a first baseman of all things, pulled off his solo triple killing against the Indians on May 31, 1927. And it has been the same length of time plus one day since Jimmy Cooney of the Chicago Cubs did the same thing against the Pirates. Since those plays more than 2,700,000 runners and batters have been put out in 50,000 big league baseball games but never again three at a clip by one man.

Today Jimmy Cooney is living in easy retirement in Cranston, R.I. He left baseball as a player in 1932, and of that great day in the past he remembers mainly that "Joe McCarthy—he was the Cubs' manager then—came charging out of the dugout and shook my hand. I don't think he said much but I'd never seen him do that before for any player during a game. He came halfway out to my spot at shortstop."

Next morning a headline in Pittsburgh's *Gazette-Times* told readers only that WIN STREAK ENDS AS BUCCS AND CUBS SPLIT. The fans had to read through two banks of type before learning further that a "Triple Play Unassisted by Cooney Is Hair-Raiser."

"Well," says Cooney now, "maybe it was a hair-raiser, but I didn't even get to celebrate. Those were Prohibition days, you know, and if you got near a bottle of beer the club would fine you 10 bucks. That was a lot of money. I had a big dish of ice cream instead."

It took three whole paragraphs before the *Gazette's* Sportswriter Charles J. (Chib) Doyle got around to talking about Cooney's feat in his story of the day's doubleheader, and he didn't sound overly worked up: "To all intents and purposes the three-way put-out broke

the dramatic sequence of victories which had made the Buccaneers the spellbinders of the sport. The Pirates thought they were headed for their 12th consecutive success when Cooney speared Paul Waner's liner."

Doyle wound up his essay with this final tribute to Cooney: "Jim Cooney always will remember his triple play unassisted, and so he ought. How could anyone forget?"

The way Cooney remembers the play is this: "Tony Kaufmann, the old right-handed pitcher, was working for us. With men on first and second it was my job as the shortstop to hold the runner, Lloyd Waner, close on second."

"We got the signal from Catcher Gabby Hartnett, who felt that Paul Waner, with power to right, also could hit to left. Hartnett called for a curve, and Kaufmann broke it to the outside of the plate. Waner really lined it."

"About 99 out of 100 times it would have been a base hit. Lloyd had a big lead and broke fast. I jumped and got the ball in my gloved hand. I took a step, and Waner was out. Clyde Barshart came sliding into second. He had gone so far he was committed. They probably had the hit-and-run on. I got him easy."

The big play occurred in the fourth inning, and Kaufmann struggled on to win the game 7-6, even though he gave up 14 hits.

Unlike Cooney, Johnny Neun is still in baseball, working as a scout in the Yankee farm system, and his own golden moment in Detroit still seems as vivid to him as if it were yesterday.

"Some of the Detroit players were having breakfast together that morning, and we were reading about Cooney's unassisted triple play," Neun remembers. "I said, maybe just to make conversation, I wonder how long it will be before anybody makes another one."

It wasn't very long, and Johnny was the man who made it. In many respects

his was the rarer feat. He was a first baseman, and only two of the seven unassisted triple plays in major league history were made by first sackers.

The late H. G. Salsinger of *The Detroit News* told the story this way in the afternoon editions of June 1, 1927:

"Johnny Neun is not the only first baseman in history to make an unassisted triple play. But Neun's play against Cleveland on May 31, 1927, earned more dramatic effect than any other ever made in baseball."

"Detroit and Cleveland were engaged in one of the pitching duels of the season. Warren (Rip) Collins was working for Detroit and Garland Buckeye for Cleveland. . . .

"When the ninth opened, the stage was set. It was Buckeye's turn at bat, leading off in the ninth. In his place Glenn Myatt was sent in. He walked on four pitched balls. Charles Jameson rolled a bunt to the right of the pitcher's box. Collins fanned the bunt after he got his hands on it, the bunt being recorded as a scratch single for Jameson."

"With first and second occupied and none out, the Tigers' one-run lead looked insignificant. Homer Summa was sent up to sacrifice the two runners alone. He tried twice to bunt the ball and fouled off on each attempt."

"Then he swung and sent a liner directly at Neun. Both Myatt and Jameson were off with the pitch. Neun, taking the batted ball, had the play mapped out when he got his hands on it: Neun turned quickly and ran over to where Jameson was starting back toward first. He tagged Jameson on the line and hurried on John Tavenner, standing on second, was yelling for the ball. Neun ignored him. He rushed madly to second, touched the bag, completed an unassisted triple play and ran to the club house."

"The sudden termination of the game left the audience gasping. Then came loud cheers for Neun and after the game the hero was kept busy for half an hour

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Three at a Clip *continued*

signing, baseballs, scorecards, ledgers and what not."

Three paragraphs from the end of his story, Salsinger finally noted Cooney's achievement of the day before.

"Oddly," Salsinger remarked almost in passing, "the sixth and seventh unassisted triple plays in baseball history were made on successive days."

Today both Cooney and Neun remember wistfully that neither of them netted a dime out of his achievement.

"One thing it meant to me at the time, was that I had to buy a lot of papers," said Neun. "A good many people kept writing to me asking about the play and I would just send copies of the stories. But the papers only cost 2c in those days so that wasn't so bad."

"I still get about 20 cards every year from oldtime fans asking me about the play, some of them asking for my autograph," says Cooney. "A lot of them have lost track of me and send them to my brother, Johnny, who also played major league ball a long time and who now lives in Florida."

Neun and Cooney never had a real session together over the years to talk about their big days.

"I'd like to see Jimmy again," says Neun. "I guess the last time we got together was when we were both sent to the International League, around 1929. We were on different teams, and we'd just see each other now and then."

Neun had a brief stretch managing the Yankees in 1946 when both Joe McCarthy and Bill Dickey gave up during a Red Sox runaway to the pennant. He was pilot at Cincinnati during the following two seasons. He worked off and on for many years as a sportswriter for the Baltimore Sun but feels now his best niche in the game is in developing young players, and he's glad to be in that phase of it.

Until recent years Cooney directed semipro teams for a textile plant. Since his retirement he has confined his baseball to looking on with a few Little Leaguers from time to time.

"The game has changed a lot and I don't like it as much anymore," he said. "I guess the last time I really had much to do with baseball was when my old Braves were in the World Series against the Yankees in 1957 and 1958. I went to see the games in New York then, but except for seeing the Yankees after that a few times that's about it."

END

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collins dry!*



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